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The
Heroes of
European Comics!



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Momma's Poppa:

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Lazarus Interview**

Incredible Fantasy!

**The Upside - Downs
Of Gustave Verbeek**

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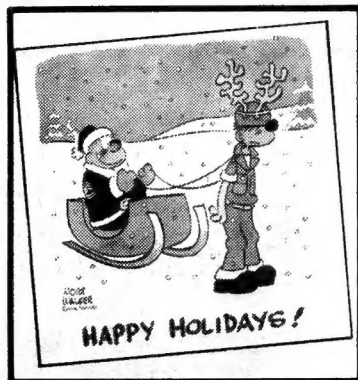
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NEMO: The Classic Comics Library (ISSN 0746-9438) #10, Dec., 1984. Published bi-monthly by Fantagraphics Books, Inc., 707 Camino Manzanitas, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360. One-year subscription (six issues): \$21.00. Outside the U.S.: \$24.00 in U.S. funds. Second-class postage paid at Bethel CT and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address change to: NEMO, POB 787, Bethel CT 06801. Entire contents copyright © 1984. Fantagraphics Books, Inc. The articles and essays in NEMO are © by their respective authors. Special contents of NEMO are © by Richard Marshall and Fantagraphics Books. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books or Richard Marshall. Letters to NEMO become the property of the magazine and are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for those purposes. First printing: December, 1984.

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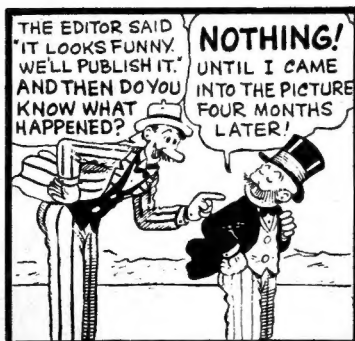
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Capital City Distribution, 2827 Perry Street, Madison WI 53713 U.S.A. (608) 274-8987
Diamond Comic Distributors, 1720 Belmont Ave., Bay B-2, Baltimore MD 21207 U.S.A. (301) 298-1184
Fantagraphics Books, Inc., 707 Camino Manzanitas, Thousand Oaks CA 91360 U.S.A. (818) 706-2437
Glenwood Distributors, 124 Vandalia, Collinsville IL 62234 U.S.A. (618) 345-1027
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Editorial

Meet Our Contributors: Sensibilities And Sensitivities

I was to meet him at the Westport train station, and there he was. I knew it was Donald Phelps, because he was the only fellow standing around, I being, as usual, late. We had never met, and I was in great anticipation.

Years before, Martin Williams of the Smithsonian had recommended Phelps's work to me; I wasn't familiar with it, and seldom saw the obscure magazines he wrote for and edited. "Believe me," Martin said, "his stuff will astound you;" and he mailed me a stack of Xeroxes of Phelps's articles on comics. They astounded me.

Gradually I came to know Donald's stuff—he also contributed to *The Nation* and *National Review* and other relatively above-ground journals—and beheld his field of vision: This man, who knew comics in their broad sweep and by individual episodes in omnivorous, authoritative fashion, also knew literature. And poetry, and the cinema. In fact he knew—excuse me, he *knows* (this is a profile, not an obit)—every aspect of American culture.

But to say such can refer to a mere dedicated reader at best or a professional fan at worst. Donald Phelps is not like that, and hardly like anyone I know. He has an intuitive grasp of cultural movements and a perceptive sensibility regarding individual works. He has a strong value-system against which all his stimuli are judged, and he is of that very rare sort who not only embraces all aspects of our culture, but is able to relate the good, the bad, the new, the old in a way that you would think only a passage of centuries would allow a critic to do.

Donald is a critic, but he is more than that. To me he is America's leading essayist, the master of a sadly moribund craft. When he takes you through, say, a comic strip as he analyzes it, you'll visit movies and literature, quotations from others and startling observations. Donald never gratuitously tries to impress you with a host of other references; nor does he need to rely on others' thoughts to guide his. No, you are just on a walk amongst old friends . . . similar creative expressions . . . artistic affinities . . . common origins. He knows it, he senses it, and he's always right.

He also brings a sensitivity to his work that very few critics share, particularly those in the—Lord help us—"pop culture" field. It is a sensitivity shared by James Hunecker and Whitaker Chambers, two essayists with whom, ironically and surprisingly, Donald is not wholly familiar. His job is not to persuade, nor ever to apologize; he is just telling us about ourselves.

His prose style is one that has evinced some reaction from our readers. I should say I often need a second read of a Phelps piece to appreciate its worth. But then I read it a third time, for he makes points that I miss—and amaze me for their perception. I will read it again and yet again, because I want to—there are levels and a fabric in his analyses that leave me grateful to be along for his ride. On this subject, Donald once wrote, "As for the idiosyncratic punctuation—the often spastic disposal of hyphens, commas, parentheses—which lends occasional sentences of a breathy, tongue-tied sort of rhythm—I wish to explain that that is exactly how I talk."

I have joked that his mother must have been scared by a Henry James chapter-long paragraph of parenthetical phrases; and that he'd be lost if his typewriter's semi-colon key broke. But I am a sincere admirer of his prose style. Once again I employ the word "sensibility": Donald has a poet's feel for words and phrases.

In the '50s he was part of the Village intellectual scene with Susan Sontag and LeRoi Jones. He has been praised by Nat Hen-



Donald Phelps.

Photo by PETER SCHLESSINGER

toff, Bill Blackbeard, Art Spiegelman, and, as noted, Martin Williams. His published pieces have ranged in subject matter from Ring Lardner to pornography; from Dashiell Hammett to Bill Buckley, from Anthony Mann to religion, from Isaac Bashevis Singer to Lenny Bruce. Two published collections of his work have appeared: *Covering Ground* (New York: Croton Press, 1969); and *The Word and Beyond* (New York: The Smith, 1982). And for *NEMO*—how grateful I am—Donald has contributed essays on J.R. Williams, *The Bungle Family*, *Smilin' Jack*, and *Little Orphan Annie*. For the *NEMO Annual* he has written a piece on Screwball Comic Strips, and more will come.

Donald Phelps makes frequent reference to "space," as in one's space, a place in the scheme of things, a vantage point from which to observe . . . or to which to escape. I sense that he is jealous of his own space, but I infer nothing from his references save the assurance that he knows his space and is secure in his space. It is a place in our culture that is special, and I regard him as a national resource.

I picked him up that day at the train station in Westport, and we drove to my house. Our agenda was only to acquaint ourselves with each other and talk comics, although the subjects drifted past like exotic flotsam in a tropical river. Ron Goulart dropped in, and later we lunched with Gary Groth. I was touched by Donald's old-world courtliness toward my wife and children—the sensitivity again—and, as always, his astounding range of interests.

It's obvious I'm not impartial about this man or his work. I feel lucky to, now, be his friend as well as his admirer, and I adjure new readers of this magazine, too, to feel lucky that he is a contributor. Watch these pages and look for—I am happy to announce—a book collection of his comics writing to be published by Fantagraphics Books.

Philip K. Dick

When The Cartoonists Shine

'Tis The Season

Christmastime has always meant more than a period of Goodwill to cartoonists, and even more than a chance to salute their readers via the traditional Christmas-greetings strip each December 25 on the funny pages.

It's also the time when cartoonists take the opportunity to greet their fellow artists by the common language—their art. Since early in the century, cartoonists have designed their own cards, often in full color, and have usually devoted their most careful attention to them. Ironically it is often the work produced only for their peers—small audiences, without pay, and usually in spite of deadline pressures for their regular work—that shows their talent at its best. A look at the old Dutch Treat Club annuals will bear this out.

But of course Christmastime is something else; it's not just an excuse to show off one's finest handiwork . . . it's the time to sincerely offer your friends and fellow-workers a fraternal wish. Once in a while these wishes extend to fans, too. When I was a

boy I wrote a fan letter to Harold Gray . . . and was placed on his Christmas-card list. Each year thereafter I received splendid full-color greetings from "Annie and Sandy, Winifred and Harold" Gray from Southport, CT., and La Jolla, CA. The first cartoonist I ever met was Al Smith, who in the 1950s was producing what was to me the most charming and old-timey rendition of *Mutt and Jeff*. I kept in regular contact with him, and each year received his brilliant four-color greetings as well.

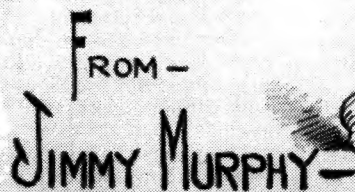
In recent years the cartoonists have produced fewer four-color cards, due to the incredible rise in production and printing costs. But for cleverness, artistic detail, and, especially, warmth of sincerity, the professionals' cards are as special as ever.

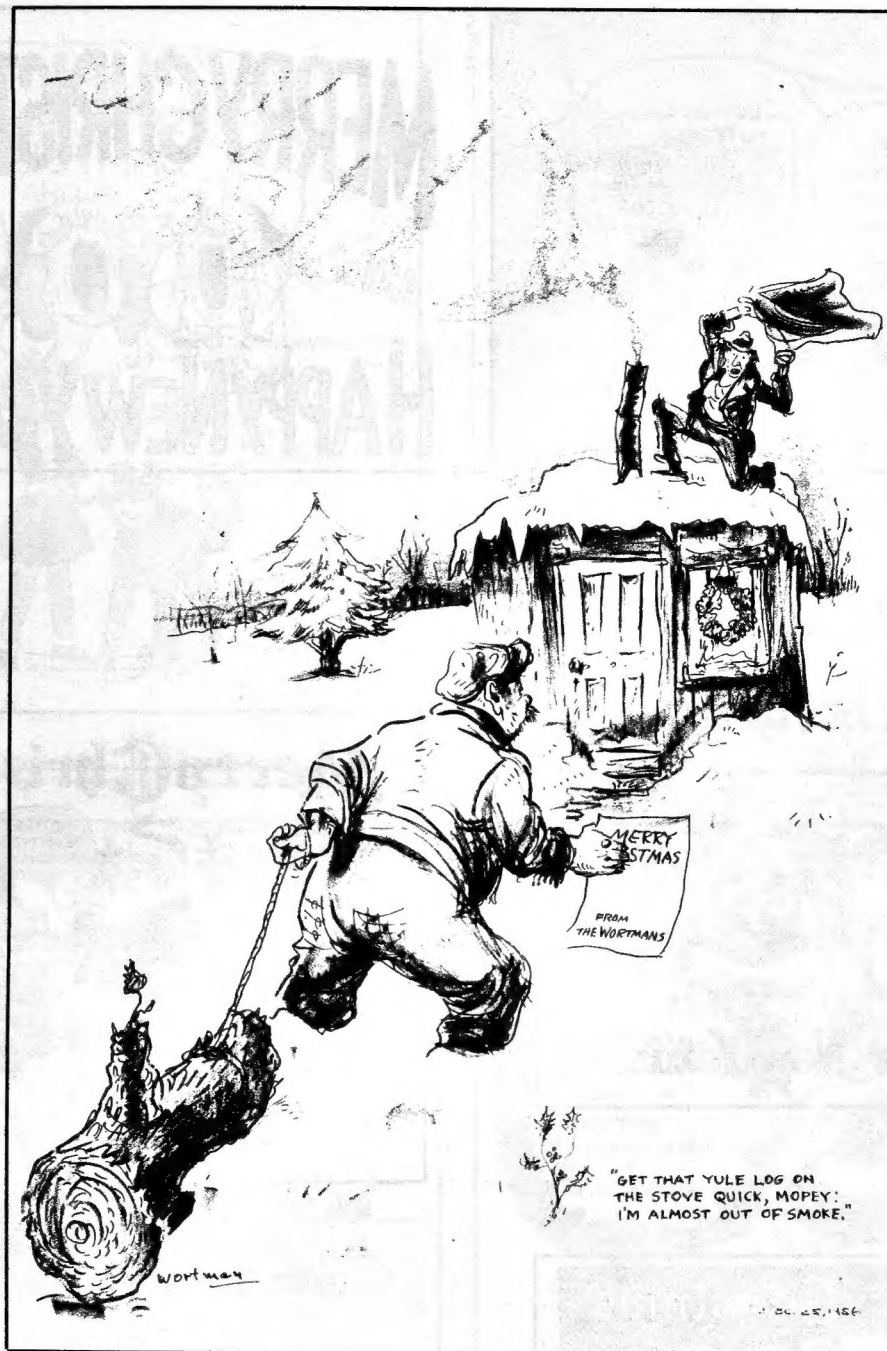
Enjoy these cartoon greetings as a collective Christmas wish from cartoons' heritage to you; and add to that the prayers for a blessed season from *NEMO* and its editor,

Rick Marshall



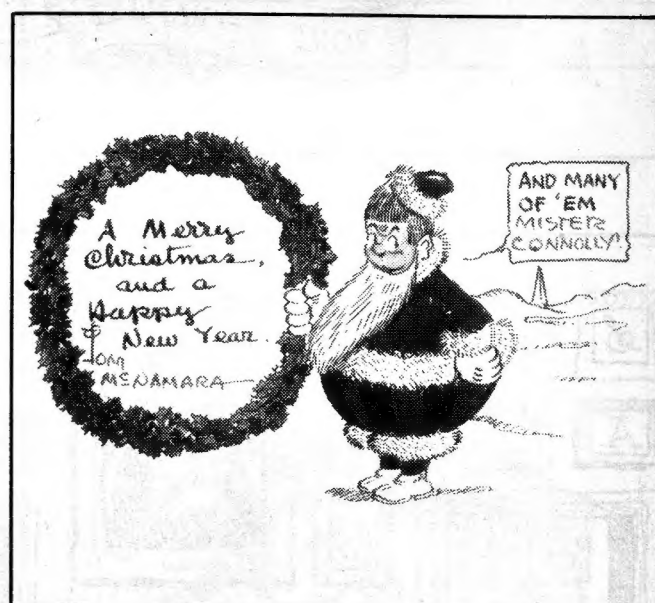
Illustrations from the collection of Rick Marshall

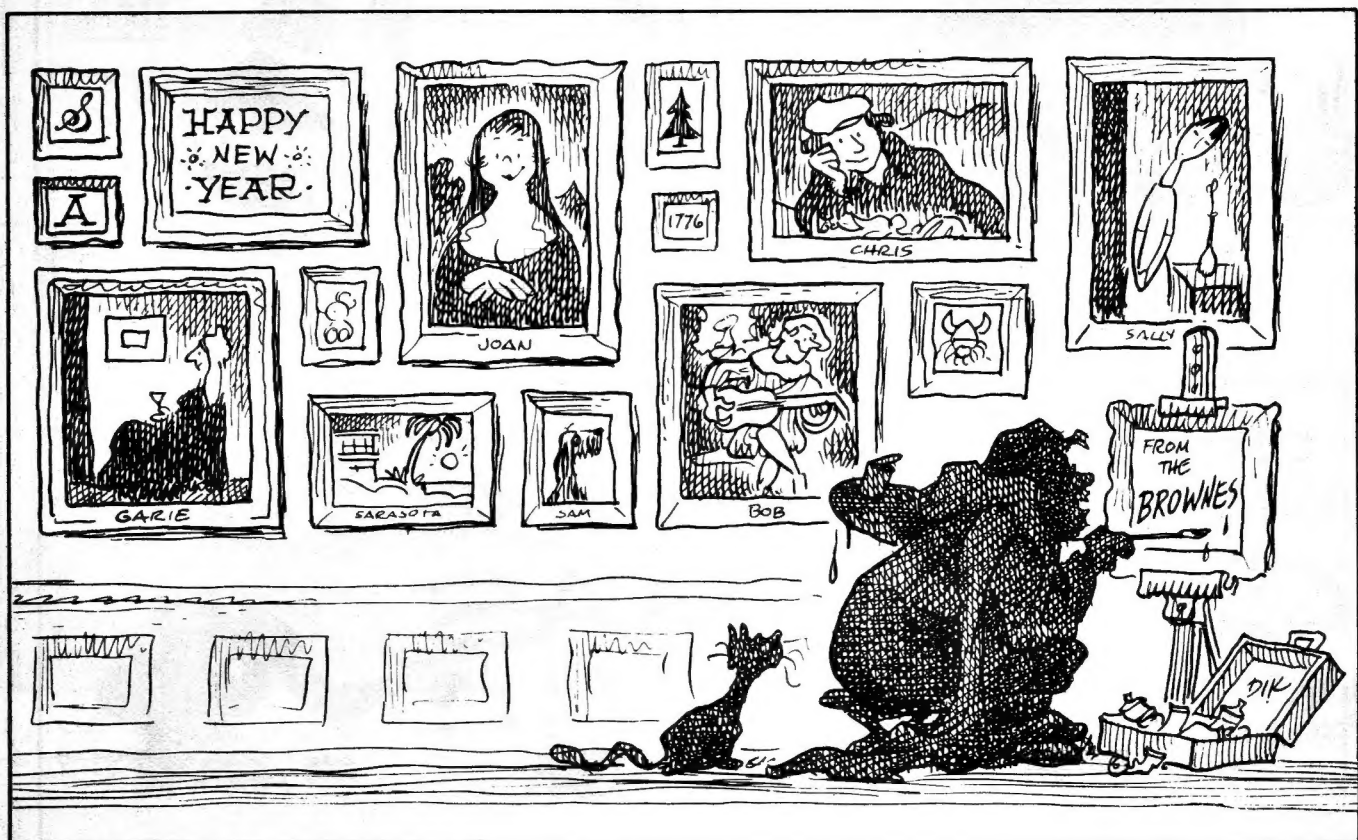
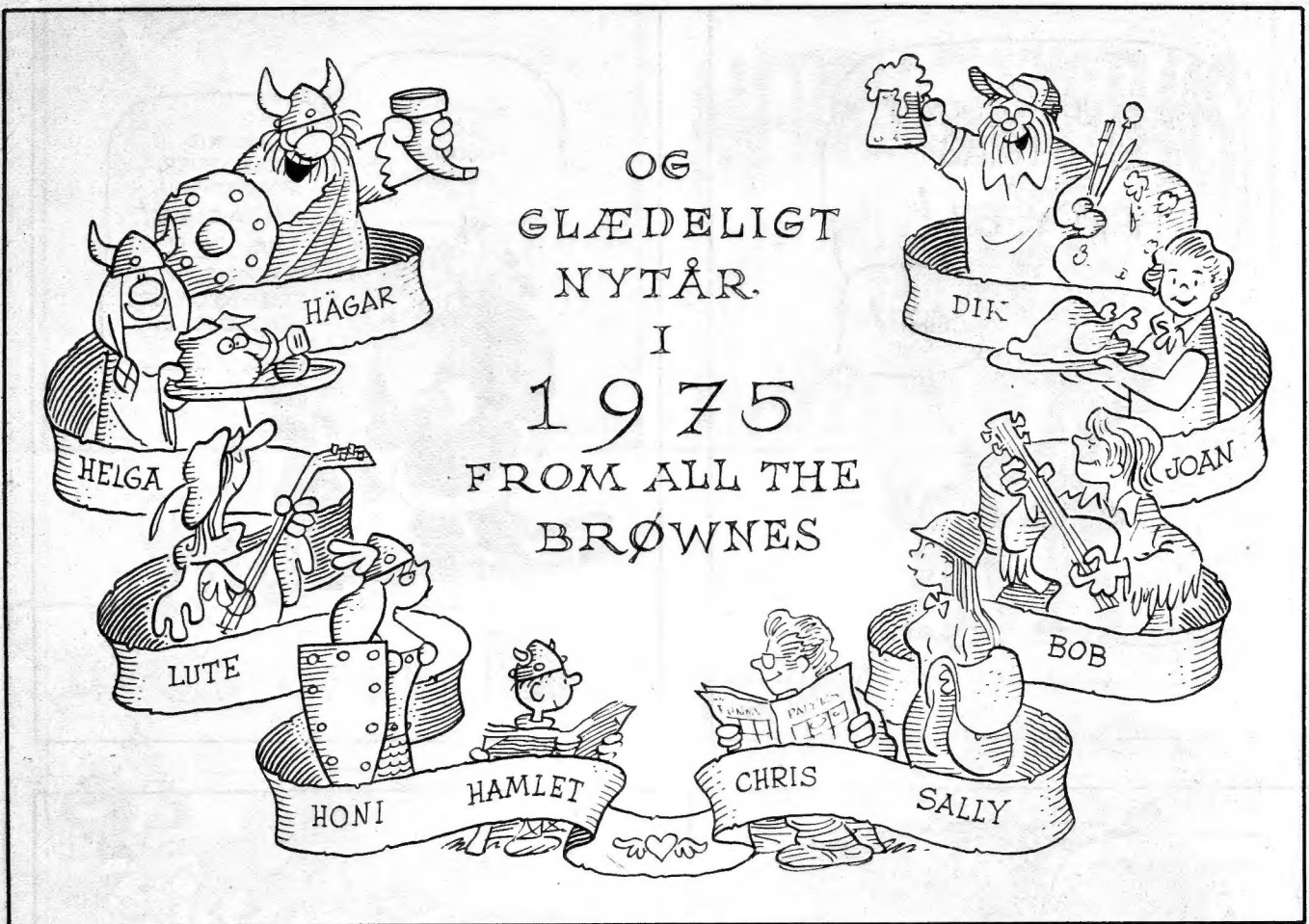


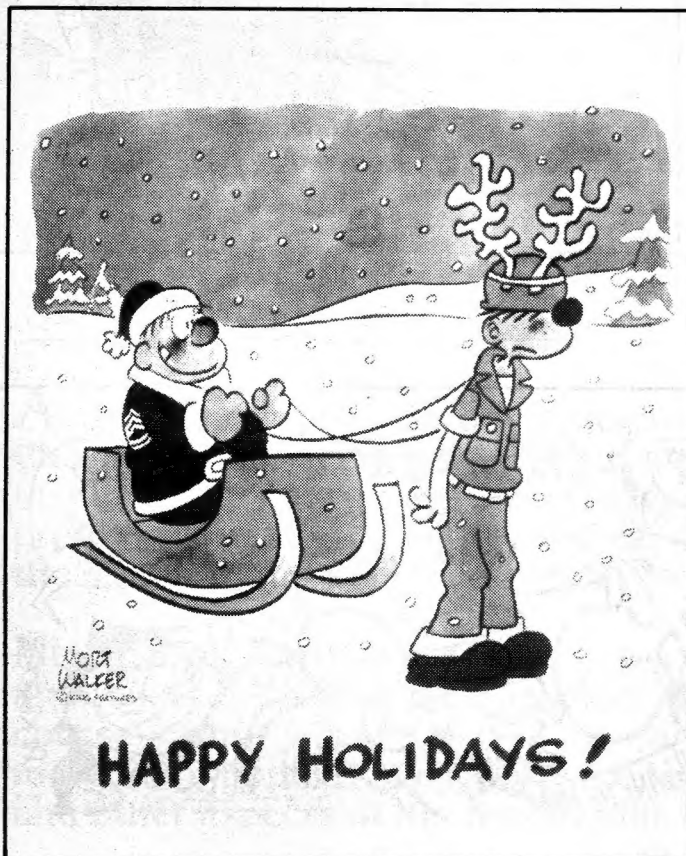


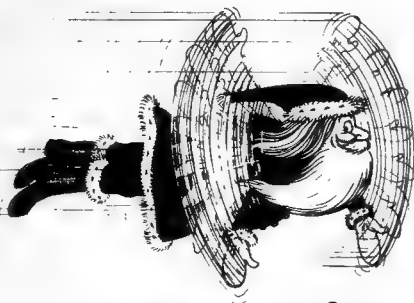
A Merry Christmas from the Drakes and











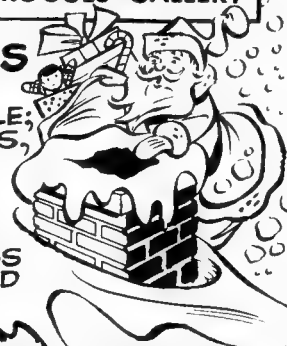
IT'S NOT THAT I AM LATE FOR CHRISTMAS 1981, IT'S JUST THAT I AM EARLY FOR 1982.

AN ERIC GURNEY EARLY BIRD CARD.

Dick Tracy's ROGUES' GALLERY

● SANTA CLAUS

—a.k.a. St. NICK,
a.k.a. KRIS KRINGLE;
NUMEROUS COUNTS,
BREAKING AND
ENTERING—
CHARGES NEVER
PRESSED, AS
SUBJECT BRINGS
GIFTS AND GOOD
CHEER TO ALL.



© 1978 by The Chicago Tribune

Ad & Barb



THIS TIME O' YEAR
PAW LIKES TO BE CLOSE
TO HIS LOVED ONES

Meerrie CHRISTMAS from Shirley, Pat and Fred Lasswell



"ON MERRY DAY OF XMAS
MY TRUE LOVE'S GIVING ME--
TWELVE TOOTSIES TOYING,
ELEVEN KINGS A-KONGING,
TEN TOMS A-SWIFTING,

NINE UNCLES DONNING, EIGHT
MYRTS A-MARGING, SEVEN
SAMS A-SINGING,

SIX MOOSE A-MEECING,
FIVE TASTEE YEASTS--

FOUR JELLYBEANS,
THREE GUM DROPS,
TWO LOLLIPOPS--

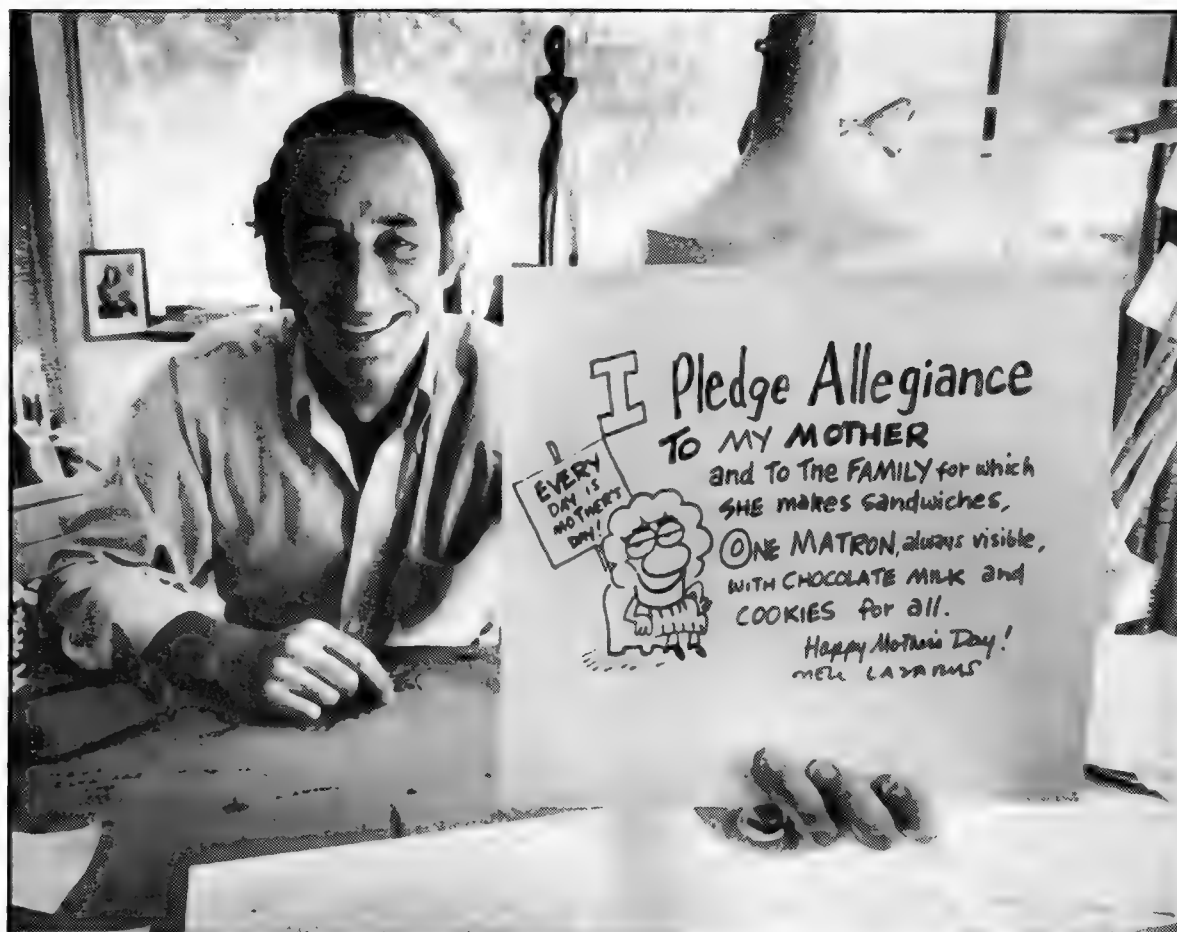
--AND A FINK
SITTING IN
A PEAR
TREE!!

JOYOUS
NOEL
FROM



© 1982 P.A.T. Ward Productions
Released by McClure Newspaper Syndicate

The Mell Lazarus Interview



"Getting An Idea And Making It Work"

At Capp once drew a parody sequence about *Peanuts* in which he depicted Charles Schulz living next door to a child psychologist's office; sitting at his drawing board, he would eavesdrop and crib the dialog for the precocious cast of kids. He might have taken it a step further and drawn the staff of child psychologists as Mell Lazarus's children themselves!

Mell's *Miss Peach* was one of a "new wave" of strips in the 1950s: sarcastic, analytical, of that rare category of strips called Intellectual. *B.C.* and, of course, *Peanuts*, were in this group. Lazarus went on to create an even more more popular strip, *Momma*. He was interviewed for *NEMO* on these and other aspects of his remarkable career by Shel Dorf.



DORF: I have in my collection a little reprint book of Miss Peach, and the foreword to the book is written by Al Capp. Did you know Al well?

LAZARUS: Oh, sure. I worked for his brothers, who were publishing magazines back in New York in the late '40s. Al was the majority stockholder, but had no active involvement. Elliot Caplin was the publisher and Jerry Capp was business manager. A family operation. It was a lot of fun. Best job I ever had. Only job I ever had.

DORF: What did you do?

LAZARUS: I was art director and editor of the comic books. At the same time I was art editor of some of the other magazines, like *Popular Psychology*, *U.S. Crime*, and a magazine designed to compete with *TV Guide*, which was new then. It was my training ground.

DORF: How old were you then?

LAZARUS: Twenty-two. I started there in 1949. That job, in fact, enabled me to get married. It convinced my prospective in-laws that I was respectable. \$45.00 a week—in those days you could get married on that.

DORF: What was the training that gave you the qualifications for that job?

LAZARUS: None.

DORF: Well, then, did you know the Capps? Did they like you? Did you put five bucks in their back pocket?

LAZARUS: No. I had a family friend named Bill Richman who heard they were setting up this operation, and suggested I go up and see them. I did, and caught them in a weak moment. The parent company was called Capp Enterprises, with a subsidiary, Toby Press, as the publishing entity.

DORF: How long did you work for Toby Press?

LAZARUS: Five years.

DORF: That's a long time. You made it sound so casual at first.

LAZARUS: After five years I quit and went back to freelancing. Elliot Caplin gave me some office space, for which I did a little work for them.

DORF: Let's go back a bit. Where were you born?

LAZARUS: Brooklyn, New York.

DORF: Do you come from a large family?

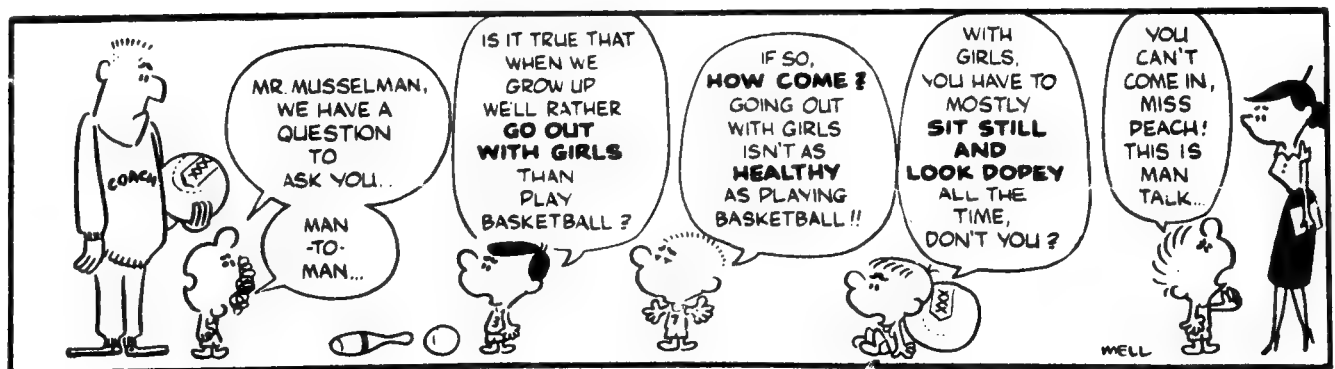
LAZARUS: No, three children, two parents. Of course, there were also uncles, aunts, and cousins upon cousins. At one time, during the Depression, it seemed we all lived together.

DORF: When did you first become interested in the comics?

LAZARUS: I was five years old. We lived in a basement in Coney Island. It was 1932. My father had one of the few jobs around, so he could almost afford to bring home all the New York Sunday newspapers, which featured practically every comic strip extant. I eventually got to know *Slim Jim*, who intrigued me because he looked so weird. I got to know Rube Goldberg's *Boob McNutt*, Hershfield's *Able The Agent*, *Dick Tracy*, *Little Orphan Annie*, *The Gumps*, *Gasoline Alley*, etc. At first I had no idea that anyone actually got paid for doing them; I finally figured that out at about age 12, and suddenly realized that's what I wanted to do. As I sat around drawing and tracing the strips, I learned to read from them.

DORF: When you went to school, did you have any art classes that amounted to much?

LAZARUS: No. The New York City School curriculum was sort of under-developed in that area at the time. High school offered some major art courses which I took, but flunked. They had us making contour drawings of apples and pitchers, which was very interesting but not as much fun as drawing cartoons. Right after flunking major art, I won honorable mention in a John Wanamaker Department Store contest. It was a cartoon-like drawing of a New York subway station with a lot of people standing around chewing gum and reading newspapers while





waiting for trains.

DORF: Speaking of subways, did you get into Manhattan a lot?

LAZARUS: No. That was another world, involving a long subway trip. Brooklyn was a very provincial community. I remember reading Booth Tarkington's *Penrod* and *Sam* and realizing that everything those kids did, I had done as a kid. We had the three houses and backyard circuses, and so forth. The environment in Brooklyn then, at least in Flatbush and Sheepshead Bay, was like any small midwestern town. There were even farms nearby in Gerritsen Beach, which is now famous for Margie Devine (scribe of the National Cartoonists Society).

DORF: At the age of 12 you got your first public praise for your artwork. Did this encourage you?

LAZARUS: No question about it. I knew I was going to do comic strips. The determination was there from the time I was old enough to make any determinations at all.

DORF: Were you a funny kid? Did you talk funny, write funny?

LAZARUS: I wrote funny, but I'm sure I didn't seem funny to other people. Most of the cartoonists I know are not terribly funny people in person. I used to write a lot for my own amusement, little short pieces, mostly chronicling my own activities.

DORF: Did you hold any comics jobs prior to the Capps?

LAZARUS: I worked at DC Comics when I was 17, for about two weeks. I was an office boy, distributing the mail every morning, coffee to the guys, deliveries back and forth. On this job I actually saw the very first original drawings I ever laid eyes on. Do you know whose they were?

DORF: Whose?

LAZARUS: Henry Boltinoff's. He was doing single page fillers for the magazines, and his were the first original cartoon drawings I saw.

DORF: Did you get to meet Siegel and Schuster?

LAZARUS: Very briefly. Don't forget, I worked in the mail room. They came in as celebrities from Cleveland, strolled around the office and introduced themselves to the newer employees. Needless to say, I was totally awestruck. I don't remember exactly why I quit the job except that I hated being an office boy. Afterwards, I managed to sell a couple of single pages to *Blue Beetle* comics. The name of my character was *Little Willie*.

DORF: Were those your very first published cartoons?

LAZARUS: No, the very first drawing of mine that was ever printed was in a Brooklyn weekly newspaper, and I did not get paid for the cartoon. What's more, I had to pay \$6.00 for the engraving, myself. But I did get to see my work in print, and it circulated all over Sheepshead Bay. (laughter) This was all before 1945.

DORF: You later sold gag cartoons to the magazines. How many did you sell?

LAZARUS: I don't know the exact number, but it began around 1950 and lasted about three years. I sold rather actively to the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Colliers*, *Redbook*, and other major markets.

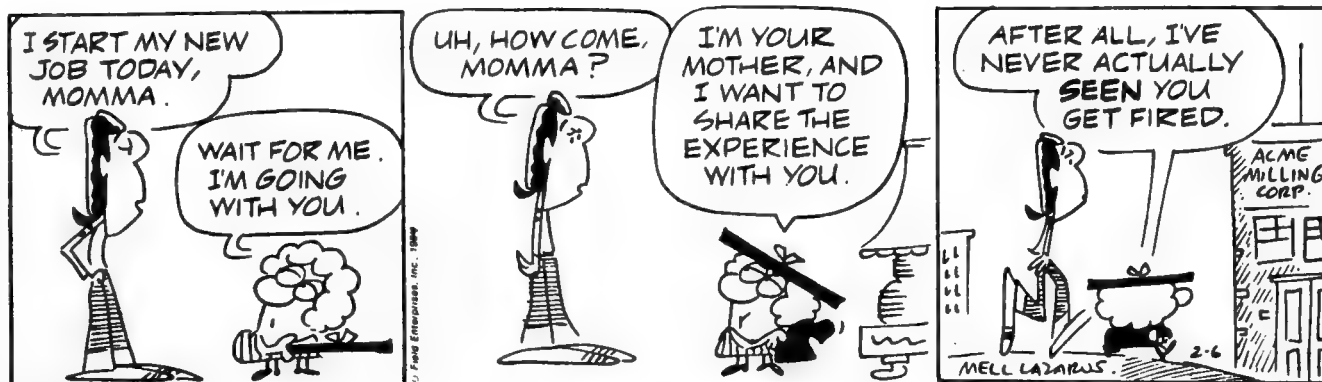
DORF: All the magazines that went out of circulation.

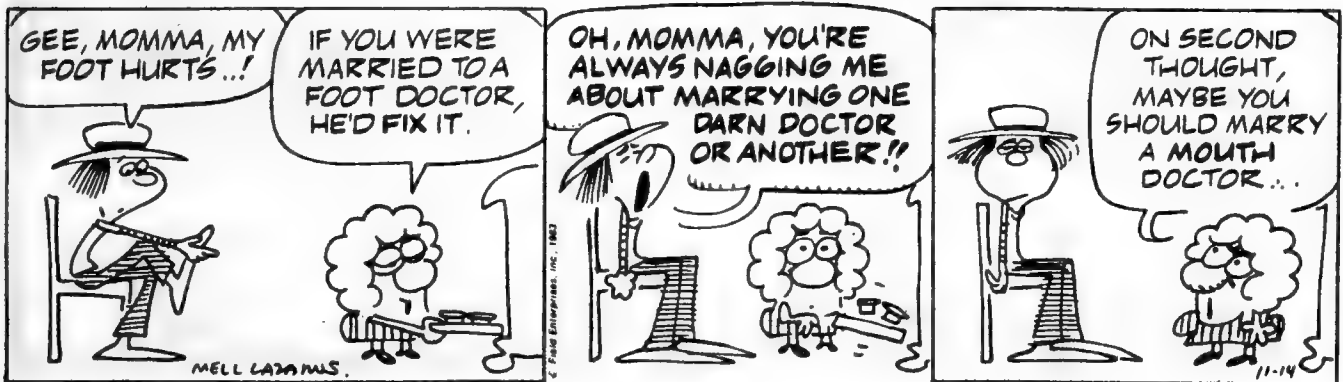
LAZARUS: Yes. I helped bury many important magazines. It's also when I first met people like Glenn Bernhardt, Mort Walker, Stanley Stamaty, Jerry Marcus, Dick Cavalli, and a dozen others. They were my colleagues.

DORF: You met in the office waiting rooms, with gags under their arms, going in to sell the editors?

LAZARUS: Exactly. It was marvelous. And, incidentally, profitable. I had my staff job at the time, with Toby Press, and this doubled my income every week!

DORF: How could you find friends among competitors? I mean, the editor might have only needed to buy three cartoons that





day. And each of you are hoping to sell him yours. You didn't feel a sense of competition?

LAZARUS: It's interesting that you ask that because I've thought about it myself. It's unique to this business that while we're all competitors, fighting for the same space, it's also a given fact that if I were to break my hand, I know six guys who'd jump in to help me meet my deadlines. And vice-versa. It's a great fraternity.

DORF: Do you think it's because you all started as fans and you've remained fans?

LAZARUS: Yes, now that you mention it! That's about the most apt reason I've ever heard.

DORF: Getting back to Toby Press, what were the Capp brothers like?

LAZARUS: Al was very intelligent, and Elliot was at least as smart as Al was. Elliot's still a good friend. And great fun. He also happens to be an excellent writer. He's written the continuity for *Big Ben Bolt*, *Juliet Jones*, *Abbie 'n' Slat*, *Dr. Bobbs*, etc. He's also a playwright. Al would come in from Boston about once a month, I think, and wander around the place. We could hear him coming three blocks away, with that booming voice of his. He'd look in on the art department, shmooze with the guys, have some coffee. His presence was always exciting. He'd also bring friends up, whom he introduced as Milton Caniff and Walt Kelly.

DORF: I bought that Miss Peach book because Al Capp wrote the foreword!

LAZARUS: A good foreword. When I finally got the copy from him, after weeks of nagging, it was poorly typed and a mass of pencilled changes and corrections. That evening, I showed it to my mother, who read it carefully and said, "Very nice, but I have a few suggestions..."

DORF: (Laughter) Oh, that's a Momma-ism if I ever heard one! But first, tell me the story behind the creation of Miss Peach.

LAZARUS: It's very simple, very coldblooded. I was doing two little panel cartoon features for General Features Syndicate, named *Wee Women* and *Li'l Ones*. United Features announced a contest, unprecedented, in a search for new comic strips. They guaranteed that the winner would get a contract. I surveyed the field, decided there was nothing about a schoolteacher, and simply invented a school and a set of characters. The thing most distinctive about the strip was that all of the gags were done in one long panel.

DORF: And the drawing looked like a kid's type of drawing!

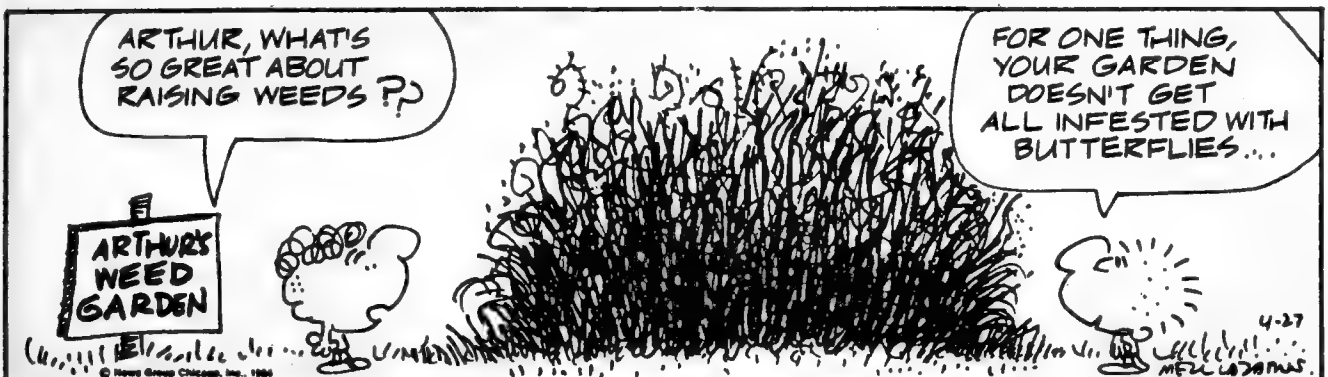
LAZARUS: Well, I was only 27 years old.

DORF: You're not telling me that was the best you could draw, are you?

LAZARUS: I felt it should look simple to do. I'd never really drawn kids, at least not since *Little Willie*. In my magazine gag cartoons I did mostly adults in social situations. So, I had to fashion the kids, create them. I gave them big heads, generous noses. I didn't want them to be adorable, or cute.

DORF: Well, it was all in the writing, anyway. One couldn't criticize the drawing because one was laughing too hard. What was *United Feature's* reaction?

LAZARUS: Miss Peach didn't win the contest. Didn't even show. The stuff came back to me. But inasmuch as I had three weeks of it, I decided to show it around to the other syndicates. I went to King, Publisher's, NEA. Every major syndicate in the country. The last syndicate on anyone's list, the true bottom of the barrel, took it—the old New York Herald Tribune Syndicate. They had some classic features, such as Harold Webster's *Caspar Milquetoast*, and Harry Haenigsen's *Penny*, but had become practically moribund over the years, in terms of sales





vitality. They decided Miss Peach was worth a shot.

DORF: Did anybody at that time suggest you hire a cartoonist to get a slicker look? I know King Features expected that; it was their style, going back to George McManus, etc.

LAZARUS: No, they didn't seem worried about it. In recent years, readers seem more concerned with what we're drawing about than the way we draw it. There are many strips around that aren't masterpieces of draftsmanship, but they work. Besides, the way the papers are shrinking our work we'll be down to stick figures in a few years.

DORF: How many papers did Miss Peach start out in?

LAZARUS: Twenty-seven. It took the salesmen eight weeks.

DORF: Which came first, Peanuts or Miss Peach?

LAZARUS: Peanuts.

DORF: Do you think the Herald Tribune Syndicate may have been looking for a second Peanuts?

LAZARUS: Who wasn't? I remember seeing Peanuts every day in the New York World-Telegram, and I loved it. I liked the fact that he was doing close-focus gags, about the little things in life. It was intriguing. There were a lot of strips around, but Peanuts was the best. Nobody has a better ear for dialogue than Schulz.

DORF: Of course the two of you work differently, but I'm sure I'm not the first to compare you with Schulz, am I?

LAZARUS: I'm always flattered by any such comparison!

DORF: How long did Miss Peach run before you added more papers to the original 27?

LAZARUS: It took about two years to get a decent list. The Herald-Tribune Syndicate was not the strongest in the world. The sales came slowly and it was two years before I began to have the sense that the strip might stay around for a while.

DORF: How did you feel? This was the big time.

LAZARUS: Thrilled, absolutely euphoric! If you can call it euphoria when you spend half your time delighting over what you've got and the other half worrying that you're going to lose it. So, I didn't really feel confident for about two years, when it dawned on me that the strip was actually attracting a lot of attention, and that I had a future—not so much in Miss Peach per se—but in that I was capable of producing something that worked. It was the first clear demonstration I'd had of that fact.

DORF: Did you have the feeling that you were going to run dry; that you couldn't come up with new gags?

LAZARUS: I've had that feeling every single week of my entire career.

DORF: Is that right?

LAZARUS: Yes. But I'm used to that feeling now, and have been for a long time. It's something I deal with for about 15 minutes every Monday morning. But I know that come Friday, I will have done it again. It'll all be there. It's worked that way for 28 years. What this phenomenon is, I've never quite understood, but we all go through it.

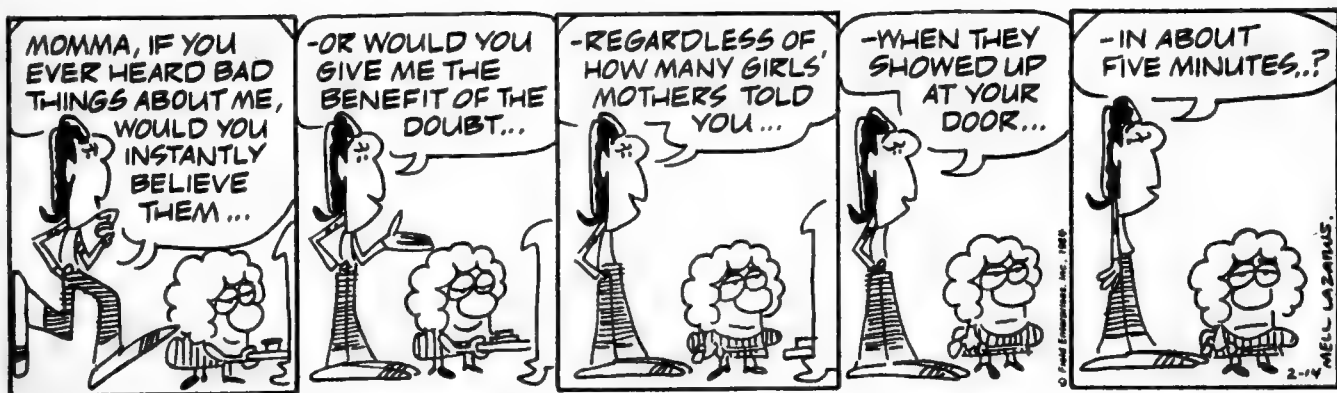
DORF: Does it make you feel good to hear someone laugh at one of your cartoons?

LAZARUS: Sure, when I get to see it happen. It's so unusual to be around when someone actually does that. To show it to a secretary or a friend and see them laugh is not really authentic. It's not a response you can trust. But I do get the feeling from the mail that what I'm doing is appreciated, and that's always nice.

DORF: Getting back to this world of schoolchildren: Did you at the start of Miss Peach have children of your own, or were you drawing upon your own experiences in school?

LAZARUS: I had small children of my own, but I was mainly using my own experience because the kids in Peach were more





like the kids I went to grammar school with. I do recall that from time to time I felt it was my duty to go to my daughters' classrooms and see if I couldn't get some ideas. All I really got was a pain in the lumbar from sitting in those tiny chairs. I didn't get many ideas from my current life... mostly from reminiscence. **DORF:** Don't you find that children are kind of timeless? It doesn't matter, really, that you're going back, say, to 1930s' recollections. Human nature is human nature. That's your forte: human nature.

LAZARUS: People are people. Basically, they don't change. What does change is what people want to read. Here's an example I've used many times before, but it seems to apply: There's Dagwood running for the bus and missing it. That used to be funny in and of itself. Nowadays, the reader wants to know why Dagwood allowed himself to miss the bus: is it because he hates his job and his boss? and so on. We have to keep reaching them on subtler levels than before.

DORF: When did you discover there was a second comic strip within you? What's the story behind the creation of Momma?

LAZARUS: The story is true, although I've told it so often, it's beginning to sound apocryphal even to me. It started at a time when I lived 10 minutes from my mother, saw her about four times a week and spoke to her on the phone at least twice a day. But for some reason, two days went by with no contact. On the afternoon of the second day, the phone rang in my studio, and a voice that sounded vaguely familiar, but had a slight edge to it, said, "Mr. Lazarus? This is Frances Lazarus, your mother. I just called to tell you that my telephone number is still such-and-such." And she hung up. I called her back, maybe 40 seconds later, and said, "Hello, Mom?" She said, "Yes? Who is this?" I said, "This is your son, Mell." And she said, "Oh, really? What's the occasion?" Now, how can a cartoonist just sit there, through two gags like that? They stunned me. They were just so perfect. That's when the idea for a strip based on Momma occurred to me. I made some drawings and toyed with the notion for about four years.

DORF: Four years... really?

LAZARUS: Yes, because it seemed like such a terribly obvious idea to me. Besides, I had a great life, just doing *Peach*. There was time to write a novel, some one-act plays. I could even play golf once in a while.

DORF: Miss *Peach*, by itself, allowed you free time?

LAZARUS: Yes. Basically, as in Parkinson's Law, it filled up the week, but there were hours here and there. I even tried another strip during the earlier *Miss Peach* years. I did it with Jack Rickard. It was called *Pauline McPeril*. It was magnificently drawn by Rickard and terribly written by me. It didn't even last a year. I didn't know how to write that kind of continuity. I'm not sure I even do now.

DORF: Getting back to Momma, you let the idea gestate for four years and then felt you were ready?

LAZARUS: Yes. I figured I could accommodate the extra work into my life.

DORF: You didn't have to audition, did you? Did you do a week to show the syndicate?

LAZARUS: Well, I did four weeks to see if, indeed, I could do it.

DORF: As a well-known cartoonist did you find them a little more receptive? Was there any bidding on it?

LAZARUS: I went only to one syndicate—the one I was with on *Peach*—but the answer is yes, it was an easy sell. I sold it in 15 minutes. John McMeel, who was then the sales manager for the syndicate, happened to be in New York that afternoon, and I called him, told him I had something new. He asked me to meet him at his apartment that evening. When he looked at the strips, he seemed oddly conflicted. Finally, he explained that he was about to leave for Florida that night to tell his boss, Bob Hall, that he was resigning to start his own syndicate. The conflict he was experiencing was that of not knowing whether or not he had the moral right to ask me to go with him on his new venture. "I'd love to take this with me to Universal," John said, "but on the other hand, you brought it to me as sales manager for Field..."

DORF: He was still on salary with Field... or, as it was then known, Publishers-Hall?

LAZARUS: Right. I decided I had some moral obligation to show it to my syndicate first. I did so the next day.

DORF: Frankly, you know what my first impression was when I saw the strip? I thought, "It's great if you're Jewish, but if you're not, will you get the gags?" I'm Jewish, so I got the gags.

LAZARUS: Mothers are mothers. Most of the mail I get, by far, is from people who don't seem to be Jewish.

DORF: You mean all mothers are like that?

LAZARUS: Absolutely.

DORF: Come on, don't tell me all mothers offer you chicken soup and guilt!

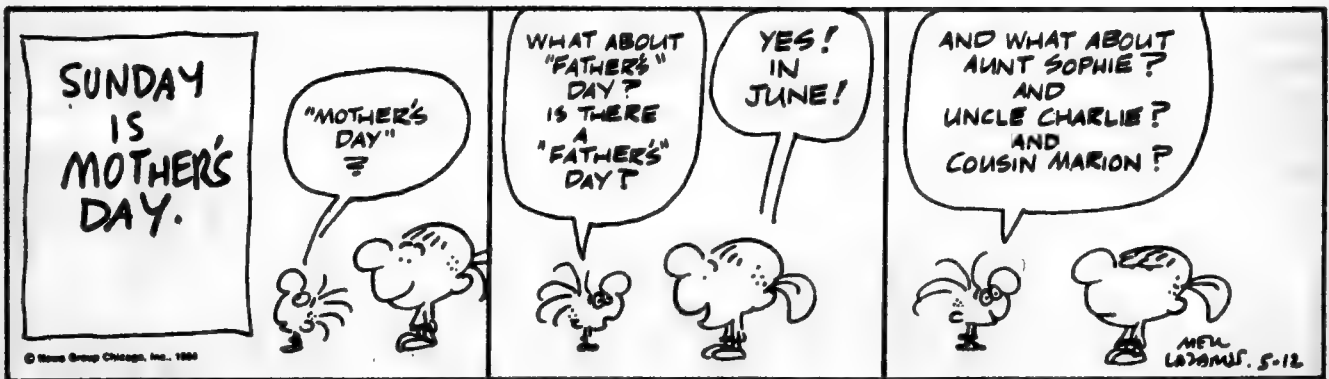
LAZARUS: I have never once used the term "chicken soup" in the strip. Never once, in 13 years.

DORF: You're right. I can't remember any. You've never even mentioned that she's Jewish or non-Jewish.

LAZARUS: Who knows? I think the term "Jewish mother" sprang up when some of the stand-up comedians in the Borscht Circuit stopped telling jokes, per se, and began to talk about their families, especially their mothers. It was a whole new approach to comedy at the time.

DORF: Blondie is a mother, but she doesn't talk to her kids like Momma talks to hers. And I can't draw a parallel between Momma and Mrs. Katzenjammer. This is a Jewish mother, the way I see it. This is not Maggie, or Mamie from Moon Mullins.

LAZARUS: True. Motherhood wasn't the point of those strips. The thrust of *Momma*, the main theme, is a parent trying to stay in the mainstream of her children's lives. It's the basic conflict of the strip: Children who are growing up and away from her, ostensibly to their independence, versus the mother who wants to retain some control, and remain a part of those growing lives. She expects what many parents unconsciously seek, namely, immortalization through her children. (laughter) In



other words, a Jewish mother!

DORF: Was your mother that way?

LAZARUS: To a certain extent, yes, but not classically.

DORF: Are you still doing your mother?

LAZARUS: The basic inspiration is there but I'm also a parent with my own responses where my own kids are concerned. I can feel a little disappointed when one of my daughters tells me she's accomplished something on her own, without my help! Or when another of them tells me she's met a great guy who makes her laugh. I want to do that! I want to make her laugh. So, my point is, there's a lot of me in the character of Momma.

DORF: In other words, there's a bit of Poppa in "Momma," too! Well, is there a third comic strip coming up?

LAZARUS: Undoubtedly.

DORF: What is the most unusual place you've seen your strips? That is, is it translated into any foreign languages?

LAZARUS: Dutch, Danish, Swedish, and Italian. Interestingly enough, back in Scarsdale I lived next door to a Dutch family who sometimes read me the strips from the Dutch newspapers they subscribed to. And I could almost never recognize the gags when they were re-translated back into English. My original point always seemed to get lost.

DORF: Did the translator write his own gags?

LAZARUS: No, he stuck to my gag, but somehow, subtly, a change in a word or two ruined them. It amazes me that anyone over there reads American comics after they are laboriously translated into rather awkward gags.

DORF: Maybe because nobody spends the time thinking about gags like you do. It's a rare commodity. Besides, I don't know if life is the same over there, but I do think foreigners have an interest in America and what's going on here. Ergo, they read American strips.

LAZARUS: I think you're right. Even our movies fascinate the rest of the world.

DORF: The two strips are part of your daily routine and have been for many years now. But exactly how many years? What year did Miss Peach start? And Momma?

LAZARUS: 1957 and 1970, respectively, so we're talking about almost 40 combined comic strip years.

DORF: So you've grabbed the brass ring, not once, but twice. You've realized your childhood ambition, which went back to the age of 12. What's the best part of being a cartoonist?

LAZARUS: Besides sleeping late, the best part is the fun of putting it all together. It's like doing a little play. Taking these characters who have become so much a part of me and putting them into a situation and seeing what they'll do. It's the major thrill; getting an idea and making it work.

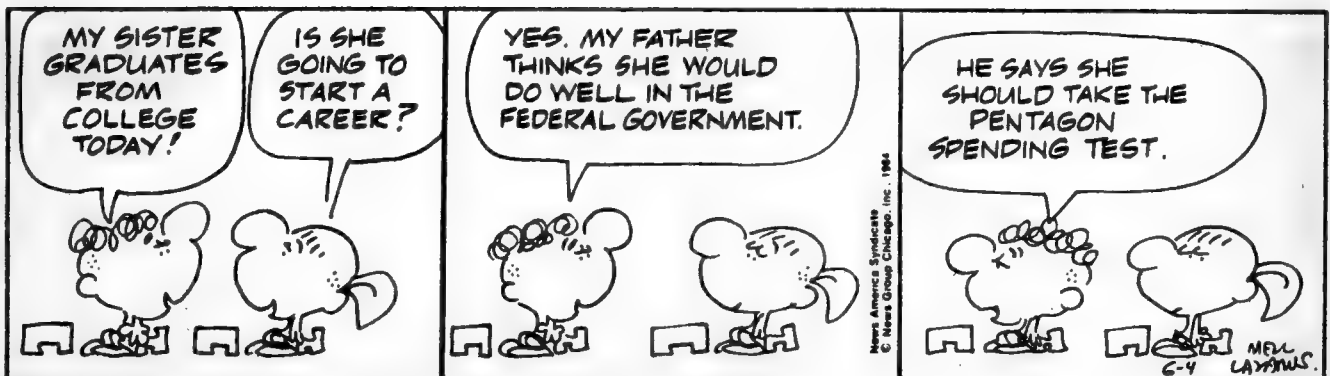
DORF: What's your advice to a 13-year-old who doesn't want to be anything but a cartoonist?

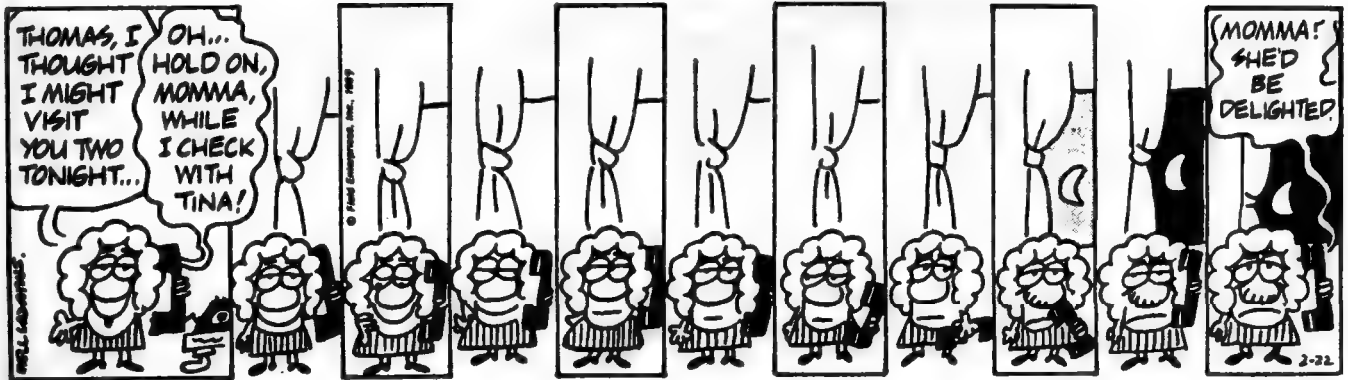
LAZARUS: Be a cartoonist! That's what you'll be if that's what you want to be.

DORF: How does he do it?

LAZARUS: As to the technique of becoming a cartoonist, all I can do is loosely quote John Gardner, who once said that anyone can become a great novelist if he's willing to do what's required. It applies to our profession, too. As to the marketing of the product, there are many ways to go. It's a little harder now than it used to be in that there are fewer markets than there used to be, but there are still markets.

DORF: Do you think of cartoonists as artists? Sometimes cartoonists are like the bastard children of the arts. There's even a line in the Broadway play Woman of the Year to the effect that "cartoons are trashing the arts." For a while, that was true, people had that attitude. Then, all of a sudden, in France they





start blowing up panels and putting them in the Louvre as an art form. How do you feel about this? Do you feel cartooning is an art form?

LAZARUS: Of course. They once used to say that jazz was trashing up music. And, by the way, it was also the French who were the first to appreciate it, which suddenly gave it a validity in this country. The word "cartoon" is unfortunate because originally it referred to the little thumbnail sketch a painter would make before starting a painting. That term, used for the elementary approach to a serious work of art, suddenly became the generic word for an entirely different art form.

DORF: Have you ever gone to Europe and met with some of your European fans?

LAZARUS: I went to the Louvre exhibition you mentioned before and it was beautiful, irresistible. My stuff was included, and I felt tremendously honored. It was an experience I never expect to have in this country.

DORF: We're getting closer to it.

LAZARUS: Except for our own Museum of Cartoon Art, what major, traditional art museum is ready to devote the time and space to the permanent display of cartoons, even though it be the most widely appreciated art form in the world? Eventually, maybe, but not now.

DORF: Do you feel a responsibility toward this vast audience you're entertaining every morning? If so, what is that responsibility?

LAZARUS: To do the best I can do. Especially in that I sign my name to the work.

DORF: How did it feel to win the Reuben Award?

LAZARUS: How can one describe the Supreme Moment?

DORF: It took a long time, didn't it?

LAZARUS: Twenty-seven years. Long enough to totally convince me I would never win it.

DORF: Who was your competition?

LAZARUS: Garry Trudeau and Jim Davis. I had been nominated 14 times before, and this was the first time I showed up with absolutely nothing prepared to say. I never even allowed myself to fantasize it for a moment. And when Milton Caniff read my name, I couldn't believe my ears. It was really a staggering surprise!

DORF: What does it represent to you?

LAZARUS: Commercially, it doesn't represent a thing, and in terms of the lay public, except for the flurry of press you get, it doesn't mean a thing. But it's a validation by my colleagues.

DORF: An awful lot of very talented people have won it before you, haven't they?

LAZARUS: And an awful lot have not and never will, unfortunately, for one reason or another. What is most astounding to me is the fact that it came from people whose work I admire. I must tell you that for weeks after I brought it home, I'd be sitting over there, working, and suddenly remember I own that statuette, get up and go inside to look at it!

DORF: Did your gags get funnier after that?

LAZARUS: It's a miracle that I could even think after that.

DORF: Well, Mell, I want to thank you very much for spending this time with me. It's been a pleasure.

LAZARUS: For me, too. And thanks for being polite enough to drink that lousy cup of coffee.

n



fantasy in the comics

The Forgotten Genius Gustave Verbeek

Upside-Down Visions, Rightside-Up Delights

In the yellowing pages of turn-of-the-century newspaper supplements we find a freewheeling spirit marked by experimentation, and many examples of quality and mastery. As we have noted in this series, too, fantasy was a major theme in the early comics, and is absent today.

In one of the numerous shifts of personnel that occurred between the staffs of New York's competing newspapers, in 1903 a

curiously forgotten master of the comic strip—bearing in all his work these hallmarks of experimentation, mastery, and fantasy—left the New York World for the New York Herald. For the World this artist, Gustave Verbeek, was drawing deceptively simple and charming cartoons, principally on one strip: *Easy Papa*. The quality of his artwork is what must have appealed to the Herald's editors, for the themes of *Easy Papa* are rather deriva-

UPSIDE-DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO

THE BOY and the BEAN-STALK

(COPYRIGHT, 1904 BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)



It has been raining, but now it has stopped, and little Lady Lovekins and Old Man Muffaroo can shut their umbrellas.



Good-bye," says the boy jumping at the top of the rapidly growing plant. About a mile a minute it grows, and the boy is very soon lost to sight in the clouds.



"I wonder what adventure we will meet with to-day!" says Lovekins. Presently they perceive a boy who seems to be very much alarmed at their approach.



"This is marvelous!" cries Old Man Muffaroo. "Oh, let us climb up this bean-stalk," says Lovekins, "and we will see what there is at the top."

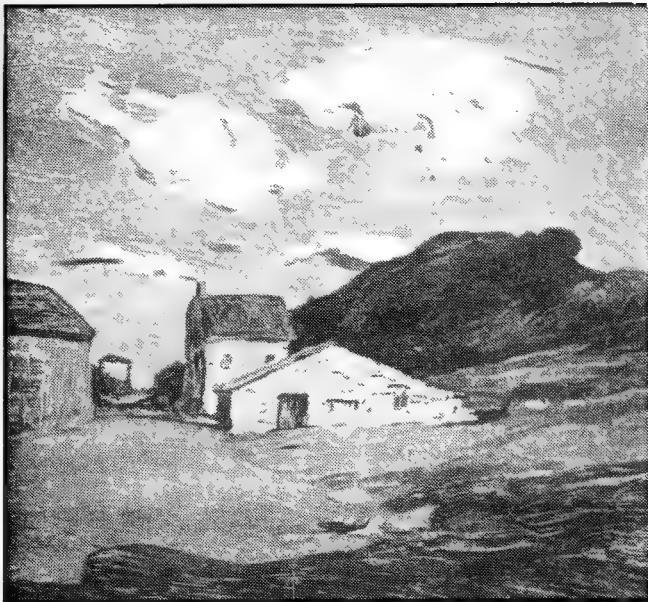


The boy wears a black jockey cap. He throws himself on the ground, and pulling a small bean out of his pocket he plants it. Instantly it takes root and sprouts up.



So they go up, and when Muffaroo gets tired of carrying the umbrellas he hands them to Lovekins.

Collection of Nick Marschall



Monotype by Gustave Verbeek, ca. 1915.

tive—weak carbon-copies of the popular *Foxy Grandpa*, then running in the *American*, after having been snatched from the *Herald*. (Oh, those newspaper wars!) Verbeek changed one thing: The pranksters were brother and sister, not pairs of brothers as in *Foxy Grandpa*, the *Katzenjammers*, et al.

What he created for the *Herald*, however, was as fresh and clever as *Easy Papa* was embarrassingly stale and predictable. The Sunday supplement of Oct. 11, 1903, saw the debut of *The Incredible Upside-Downs of Little Lady Lovekins and Old Man Muffaroo*. The artist, as you will discover, employed no false modesty in calling these productions “incredible.” Here was a strip that attracted the children with its whimsy while it astounded the adults with its cleverness.

Working in a half-page format of six panels, Verbeek chose to challenge himself to draw a page that would read sensibly from panels 1 through 6; then, turning the page upside-down, make sense again reading from panels 6 to 1 (or, if you will, panels 7 to 12). You can imagine that it is hard enough to draw one single picture wherein all the elements appear logically rightside-up and upside-down. But Verbeek’s task was not only to so draw every element of every panel, but have the two sequences read smoothly. Hence panel 1, the introductory scene, would have to read upside-down as the finale panel, number 12; the second picture would serve as the penultimate image, and so on.

A dizzying task, to be sure.

In such a weekly installment of wonder, the gimmick itself could become the main attraction, but let us not forget that *The Incredible Upside-Downs* featured a pair of leading characters. Little Lady Lovekins and Old Man Muffaroo were the wispy-drawn and strangely paired stars of the strip. Each week they begin their adventure with no more serious intention than picking fruit or having a picnic or going for a swim; the pastimes are almost ethereal. But soon comes the inevitable monster, menacing bird, bizarre beast, troll, or giant. It will spoil nothing to disclose here that all inevitably ends well, but one wonders how often Verbeek was tempted to end a page unhappily . . . so as not to have to devise another such page next week!

Gustave Verbeek was born Gustave Verbeek in Nagasaki, Japan, in 1867. The change in spelling was due to an error by an immigration official when Gustave arrived in the United States. Gustave was the son of Guido Verbeek, a missionary from the Netherlands, a naturalized American and the head of the Tokyo school that evolved into the Imperial University.

The young Verbeek moved to San Francisco, where he studied art, and then removed to the Art Students’ League in New York, where he became influenced by the work of George DeForest Brush. Later he received training at the Academie Julian in Paris under Constant and Laurens. While in Paris he also cartooned for newspapers, and absorbed the spirit of freedom and looseness of expression that was sweeping European cartooning in the 1890s.

Returning to the United States, Verbeek soon found many outlets for his wispy, whimsical work—usually strips, or, as they were then called, series: *Harper’s*, *McClures’*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, the *American Magazine*. He also became a regular contributor to the three major cartoon magazines, *Puck*, *Judge* and *Life*, and for *Puck* he drew many full-color, back-page strips on fanciful subjects. It was evidently this work that attracted the attention of the Sunday supplement editors, and Verbeek—like many of *Puck’s* artists including the great W.O. Wilson and C.J. Taylor, F. Oppen—eventually landed on the *Herald*.

Verbeek eventually abandoned strips and magazine cartoons (was he burned out?) for serious painting. By the mid ‘teens he had acquired mastery over, and a reputation for, an ancient and technically difficult artistic process, monotyping.

The monotype is produced by painting in oils on a copperplate. The painting must be done quickly, so the colors don’t dry, and delineated in reverse. When the painting is completed a sheet of paper is laid over the image, and both are passed through a roller-press. Only one image can result, so the impression is an original. The challenge, or at least the attraction, to the artist is the role that perfidy plays in the process. Oftentimes the paper and roller distort the original intention of the artist’s image; however, striking effects of shading and subtlety can happily surprise the monotypist.

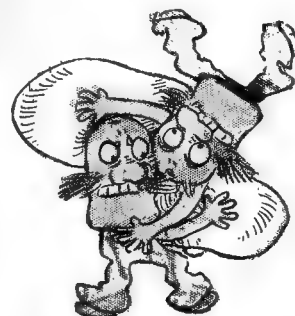
Verbeek became interested in the form when it had lost favor, principally because papers could no longer be found suitable to the demands of the singular process. Perhaps calling on his own background, Verbeek discovered a Japanese paper perfect to the task. Henceforth he devoted himself to the monotype—surely a challenge as demanding as his *Upside-Downs*—and became the premier exponent of the form, also pioneering the use of colors in the process. Several exhibitions were held through his career, the first being at Goupil’s in New York. Verbeek died in New York in 1937.

Verbeek’s other strips were not as technically dazzling, but were even more surrealistic. *The Terrors of the Tiny Tads* began in 1905, lasting more than five years, and dealt with dreamlike—or nightmarish—situations in which the young little characters would be confronted by bizarre anthropomorphized trolley cars or aeroplanes or the like. It ran simultaneously to, and in the same paper as, *Little Nemo*; Nemo’s dreams we might enjoy dreaming, but never the Tads’. Another Verbeek strip was *The Loony Lyrics of Lulu* (1910) in which a strange professor and his niece engage in a monster hunt.

How curiously unjust that the *Upside-Downs*, so experimental and so masterful—so fantastic—should have been so forgotten. A reprint book was published in 1905, but no copies are known to exist. A small press collected several pages and reprinted them in 1963, but that limited-run paperback has long been a collector’s item. *NEMO* here pulls back the curtain on a landmark in the early history of the comic strip, a testimony of Genius from an age when many geniuses fortuitously appeared to define this great new American art form.

Rotate the pages, study and marvel to your heart’s content . . . and your mind’s amazement.

Richard Marshall



THE UPSIDE DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO GETTING A SUPPER SOMETIMES.

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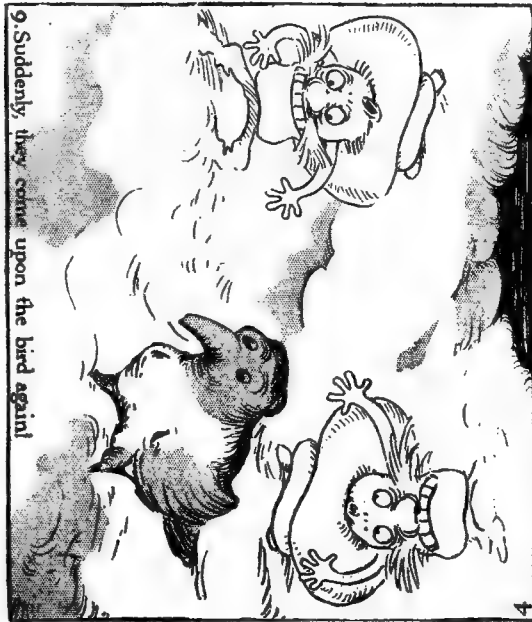
One day they catch a fine, fat bird upon the top of a steep mountain of snow



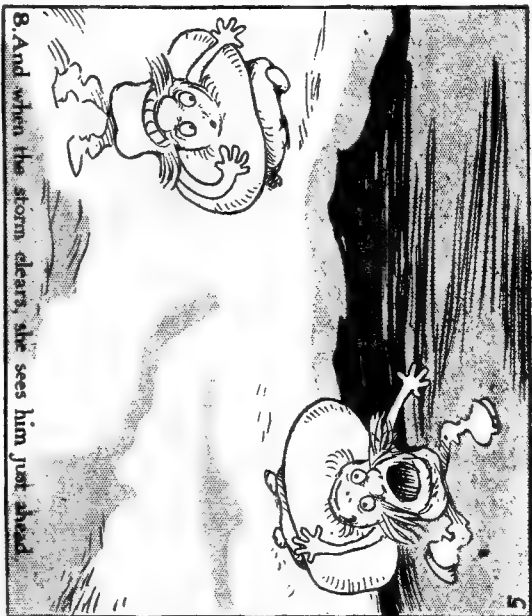
And away they pile back to camp.



To make matters worse, they land almost right on top of a rhinoceros who happens to be passing below.



Suddenly, they come upon the bird again!



But in their terror, Lovekins and Muffaroo forget their bird, and scurry away as fast as they can go.

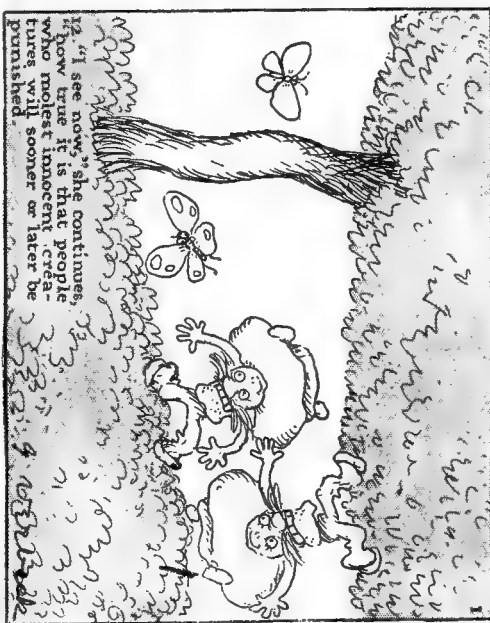


When little Lady Lovekins looks around again, she finds herself all alone, with heavy snow clouds gathering

UPSIDE-DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO

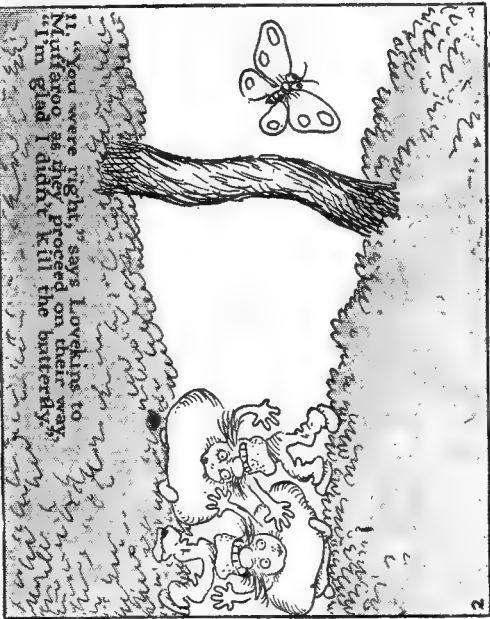
AN OBJECT LESSON for the LITTLE LADY.

(COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)



1. "I see now," she continues, "how true it is that people who molest innocent creatures will sooner or later be punished."

Little Lady Lovekins wants to catch a butterfly, but Old Man Muffaroo stops her.



2. "You were right," says Lovekins to Muffaroo as they proceed on their way. "I'm glad I didn't kill the butterfly."

"Is there not room enough on this earth for you and the butterfly too?" he asks. "Bad luck is sure to come to those who molest any harmless little creatures."



3. Just as he catches the butterfly, his hat falls off, and he is tugging nervously at his beard, and an evil look is in his eye.



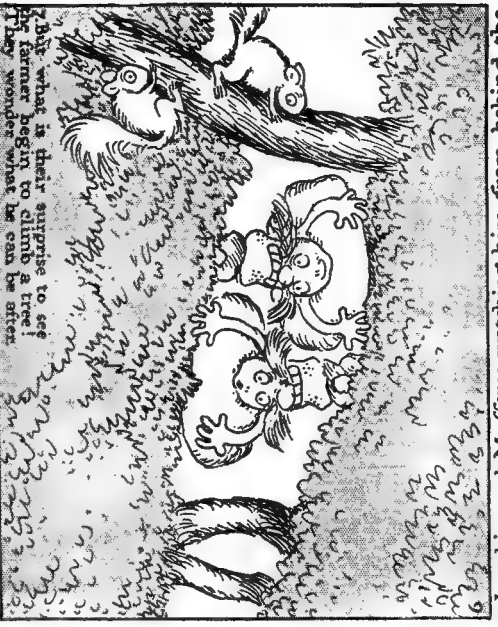
4. It is a squirrel he is after. See his hand reaching for the comical little creature's tail.

Every now and then he stops and peers about as if he wanted to catch something under the leaves.



5. And in grasping for the hat he loses his balance and tumbles to the ground, very badly hurt indeed.

Soon after this they see a loutish farmer trudging along toward them.

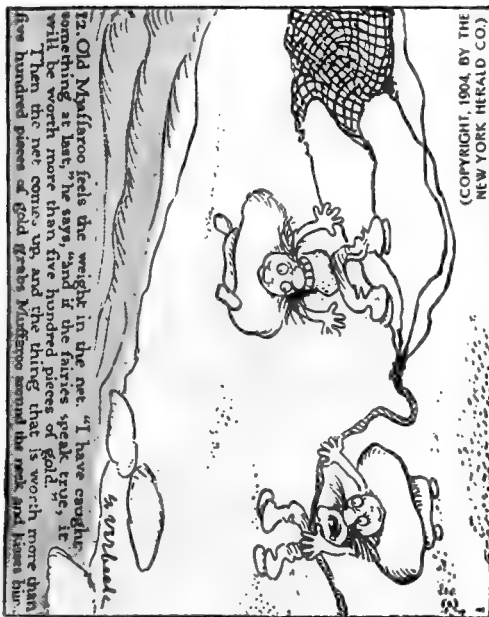


6. But what is their surprise to see the farmer begin to climb a tree. They wonder what he can be after.

Lovekins and Muffaroo, watching him from behind the trees, are very much amused.

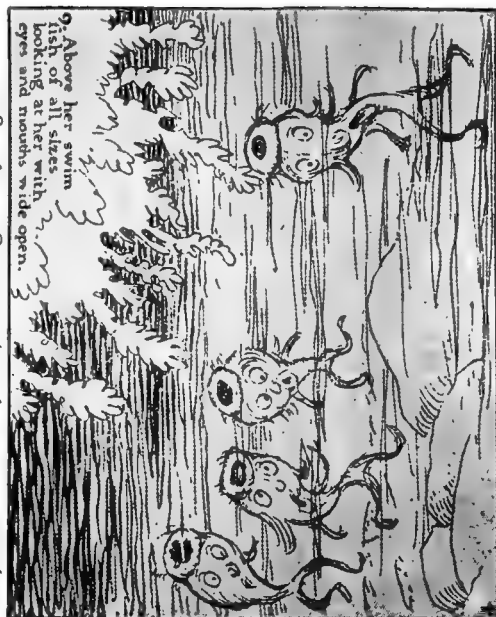
UPSIDE-DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH

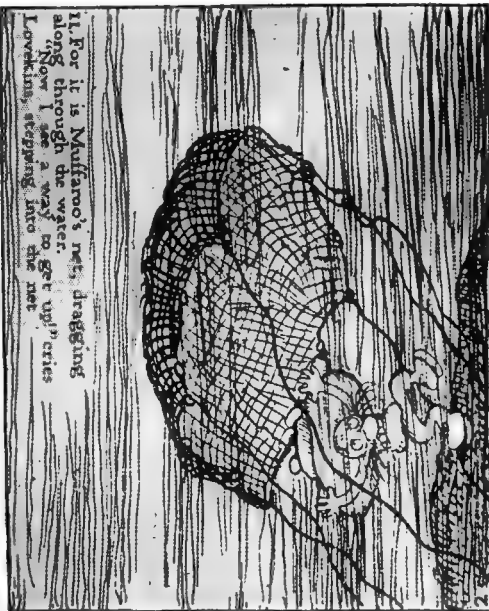


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One fine afternoon Lovekins and Muffaroo cast their net in to the sea, to catch some fish for supper. But after they try many times without any luck, Lovekins goes away disgusted.



There he sees a group of weird little imps or fairies dancing up and down and singing some words that go a little like this: "If Muffaroo would cast his net just once more, he would catch something worth more than five hundred pieces of gold."



11. For it is Muffaroo's net, dragging along through the water. "Now I see a way to get up!" cries Lovekins, stepping into the net.

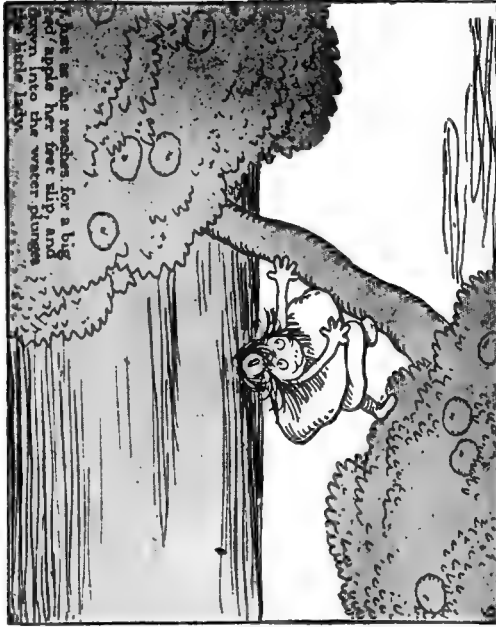
Night comes. Old Man Muffaroo, all alone, still continues to throw the net. And still it continues to come up empty, until at last even he is discouraged and decides to make his way home.



"Five hundred pieces of gold!" Muffaroo almost shrieks as he runs back to the net. "I'll cast it again, for what these fairies say at last always comes true." Now let us leave the old man for a short while.



As he travels through the dark woods he suddenly hears the sound of small wee voices behind the trees. He peeps in between the leaves.



And go back to little Lady Lovekins who wanders along by the side of the sea until she comes to an apple tree. Not content with some very nice fruit that lies on the ground, she tries to climb the tree overhanging the water.

UPSIDE-DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO

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NEW YORK HERALD CO.)

THE HORRORS OF WAR.



1
They see him approach a group of the dwarves who make a funny sight and sound when they see the dead soldier. "War is a horrible thing," says Lovelings, and they agree to depart to a more peaceful country."



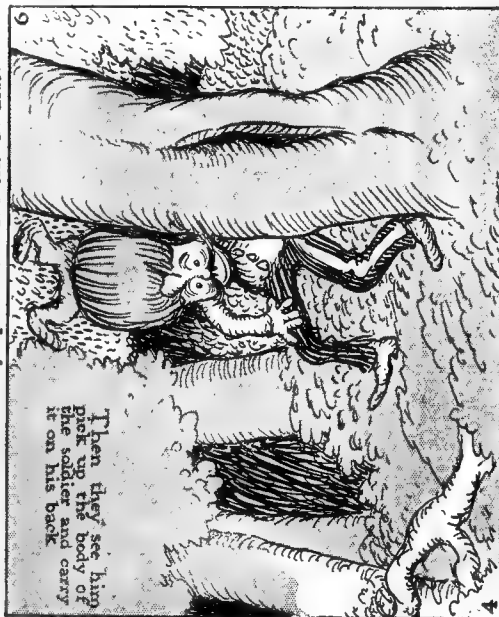
2
But finally by strapping them to his back he manages to carry both gun and soldier at the same time. Above we see Lovelings and Muffaroo still following him and watching intently all his movements."



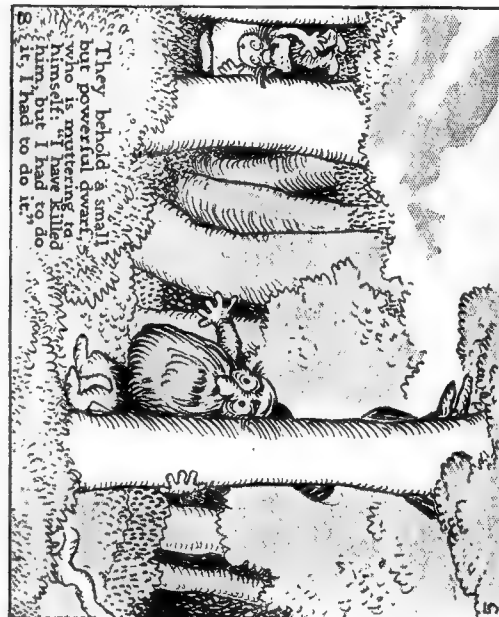
3
He goes back to get the gun, after having carried the body some distance and set it down."

4
Here are Lovelings and Muffaroo going to warn the dwarves of the approach of the soldiers."

5
See the soldiers! There is a war between the soldiers and the dwarves. Ofcourse little Lady Lovelings and Old Man Muffaroo sympathize with the dwarves."



4
Then they see him pick up the body of the soldier and carry it on his back."



5
They behold a small but powerful dwarf who is whispering to himself: "I have killed him, but I had to do it, I had to do it."



6
All of a sudden a loud shriek breaks the stillness of the forest. Lovelings asks: "What's that?" "Let us go and find out," says Muffaroo; "perhaps the little people have already fallen."

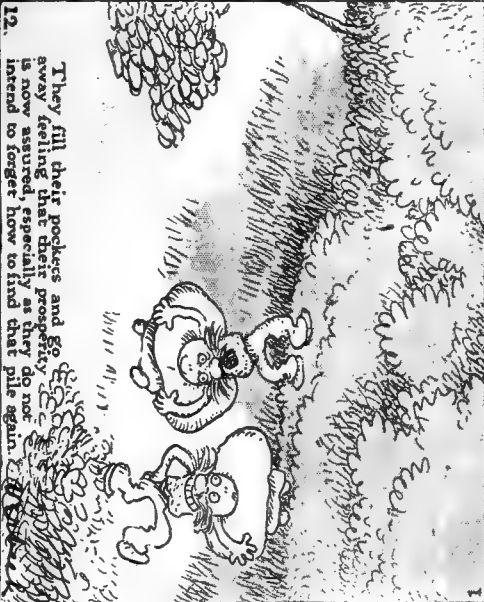
7
Muffaroo watches him, and then he goes to rejoin little Lady Lovelings."

8
There the soldier gets lost, and being separated from his comrades, he becomes very much alarmed."

8
"Come," says he, when he has found that little lady, "we must call the dwarfs and help them capture this soldier."

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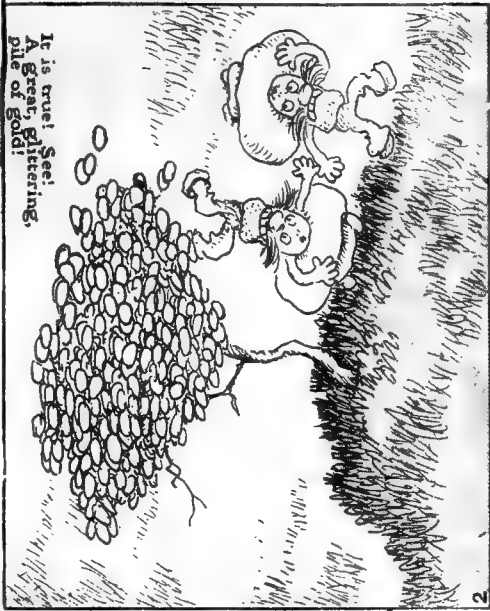
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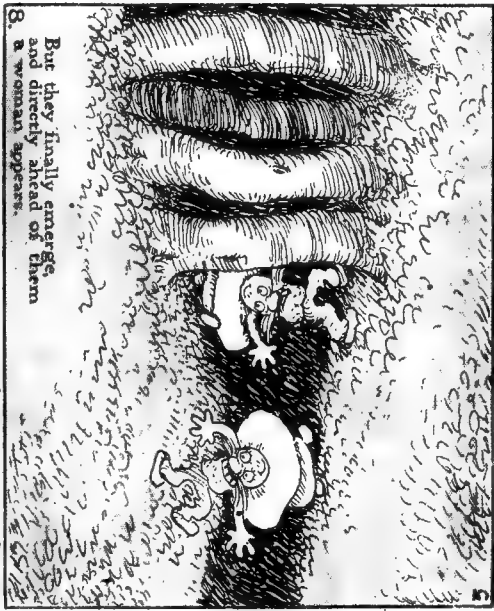
"Great Scott!" cries Muffaroo; "we are not beginning the New Year right! We haven't even a red cent in our pockets, and you know what will happen."



"Money!" laughs the man; "you will find all the money you want if you just follow yonder path."



"What?" asks Lovekins.



So they follow the path which leads them into some woods.



Just then they see a man, and Muffaroo approaches him. "Could you tell me," asks he, "where we could get some money to start the New Year with?"



At times they can scarcely see which way to go, so dense is the foliage.

UPSIDE-DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO

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FUN in the SNOW.



11 And now that it is getting late, they trot back home again.



11 When their hands get cold, they build a fire to warm them.

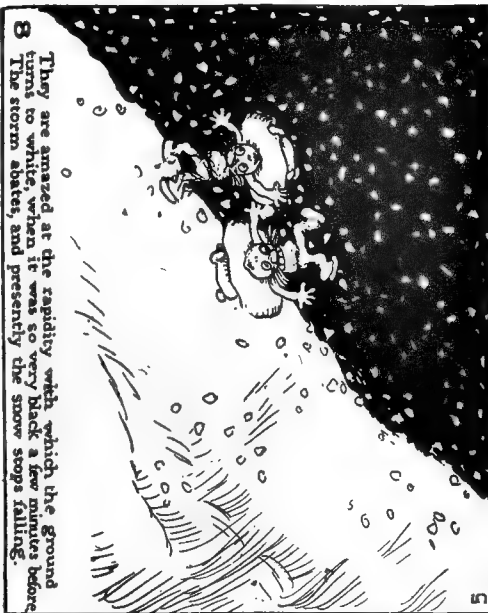


10 A witch, taking the shape of a fashionable young lady, tries to entice them to enter the woods again, but they do not heed her.

12 See little Lady Lovekins and Old Man Muffaroo walking across the plain toward the woods.



9 Suddenly they see a man buried in the snow. They rescue him. Then they proceed, until they arrive at the woods.



8 They are amazed at the rapidity with which the ground turns to white, when it was so very black a few minutes before. The storm abates, and presently the snow stops falling.



7 So they run down the hill as fast as they can go.

10 The bird leads them out of the woods and up a big, black mountain, all the time calling: "Peep-peep, peep-peep!"

5 But soon they lose sight of him, and the snow begins to fall on the black mountain.

6 It becomes a regular blizzard, much to Muffaroo's alarm. "We must get out of this!" cries he.

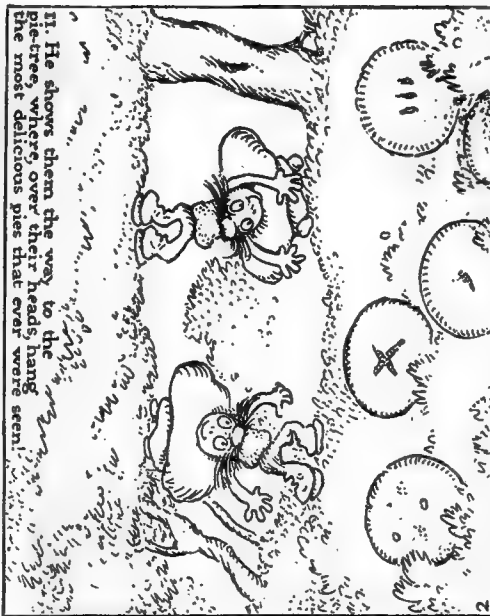
UPSIDE-DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO. THE THANKSGIVING PIES.

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1. So full of pie they can hardly walk. "Good-bye and thank-you," to the tree that saved their Thanksgiving day.

"I wish I had a Thanksgiving pie," says Lovekins.
"Me too!" says Old Man Muffaroo.



2. He shows them the way to the pie-trees, where over their heads hang the most delicious pies that ever were seen.

Suddenly they discover five beautiful pies spread out on the ground before them, and they think some fairy has answered their wish.



3. But still onward they go.



4. A young lady peers out at them, calling softly.



5. A pleasant looking man asks what they want. They tell him.

6. But a big lizard, up in a tree, calls out to them. "Hey! Don't touch them pies," he says. "Why don't you go to the pie-tree and pick some for yourselves?"



7. They skip over the rocks.

8. A monkey calls to them.

9. But still onward they go.

10. So they go on a search for a pie-tree.

11. But they do no stop.

THE UPSIDE DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO

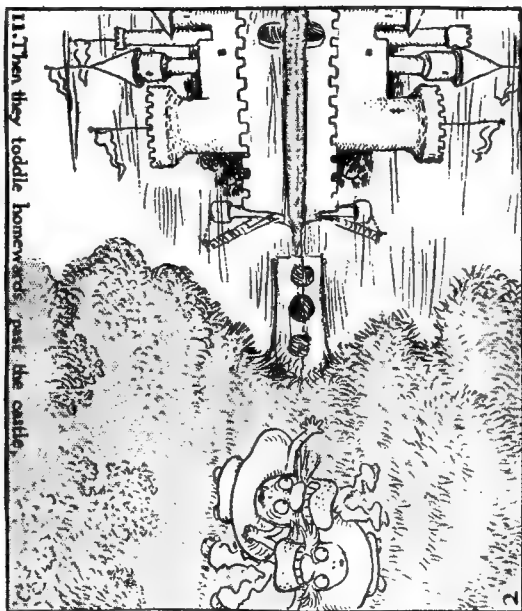
THE LITTLE LADY DELIVERS A BEWITCHED PRINCESS.

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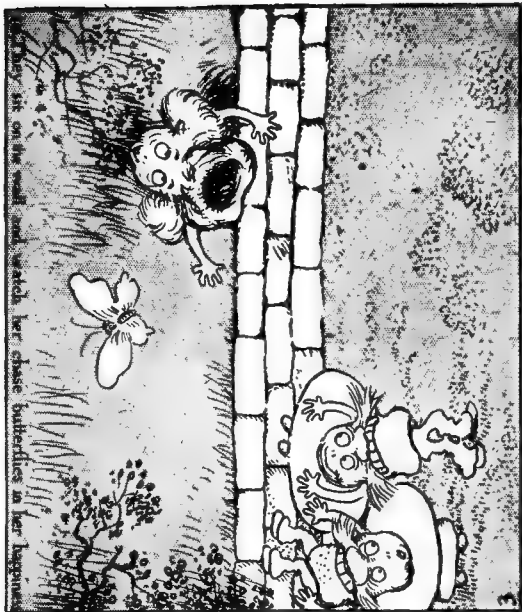
12. And through the woods, much pleased with the day's adventure.

One day, going through some dark woods, they suddenly come out on a beautiful lake across which they see a castle.

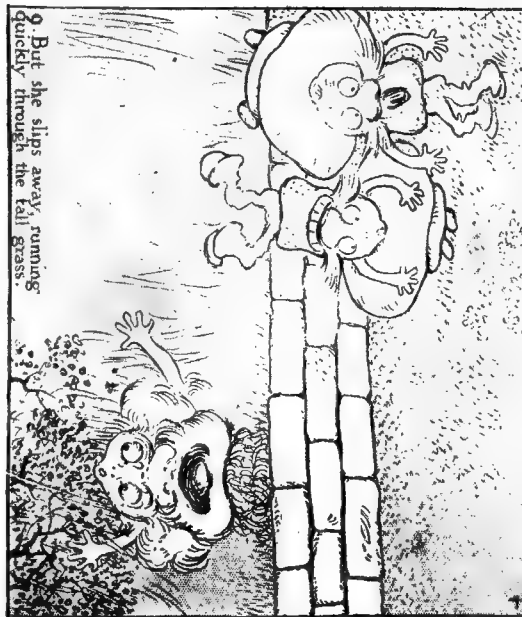


11. Then they toddle homeward, past the castle.

This castle once belonged to a lovely Princess, but a bad Fairy, who was jealous of her beauty, changed her into a horrible, bearded Ape.

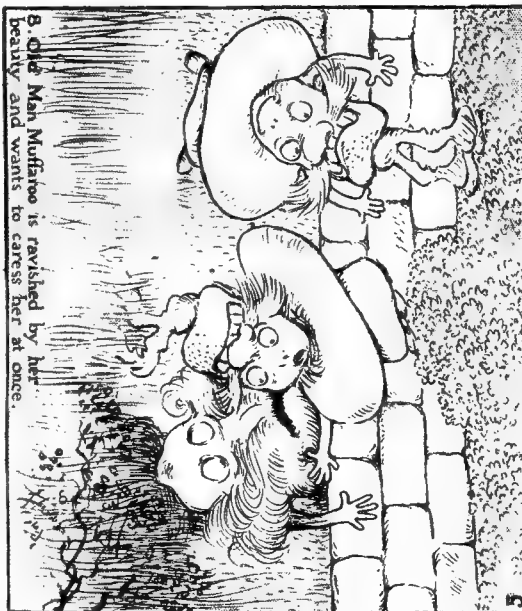


Now, as Lovekins and Muffaroo come along, this Ape calls to them in a voice strangely plaintive and sweet.



9. But she slips away, running quickly through the tall grass.

With tears, the misshapen creature begs and implores Little Lady Lovekins for one kiss.



8. Old Man Muffaroo is ravished by her beauty and wants to caress her at once.

Lovekins is too kind-hearted to refuse, so she approaches timidly to grant the request.

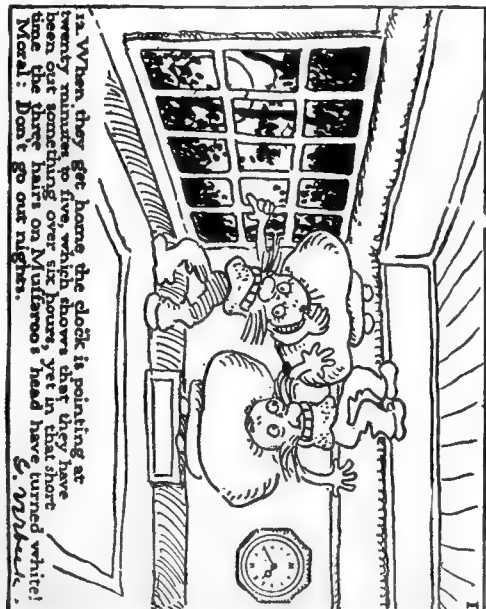


And there they find the ape has been transformed into the fair Princess again.

Instantly, the Ape gives out a terrible shriek and sinks down behind the wall. Lovekins and Muffaroo climb over.

UPSIDE-DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO.
A NIGHT OF TERROR.
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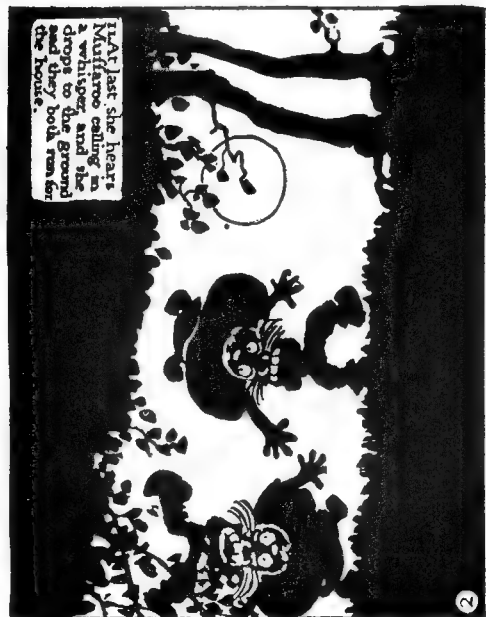
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12. When they got home the clock is pointing at twenty minutes to five, which shows that they have been out something over six hours, yet in that short time the three hairs on Muldoo's head have turned white! Moral: Don't go out nights.
E. 2244a.



Q. Lovelinks climbed up a tree where she hangs for some time.



That fast she hears
Mustaro calling in
a whisper, and she
drops to the ground
and they both run for
the house.



8. And behind them still comes the horrible animal.



Now and then some big-deous best patients under her.



7. But Lovelocks follows
close at his heels.

Old Man Muffaroo is the first to find his legs;

THE UPSIDE DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO - THE TRAMP AND THE UNWELCOME WATER.



1. And they both carry the water easily home.

Muffaroo asks Lady Lovelins to fetch a pail of water.



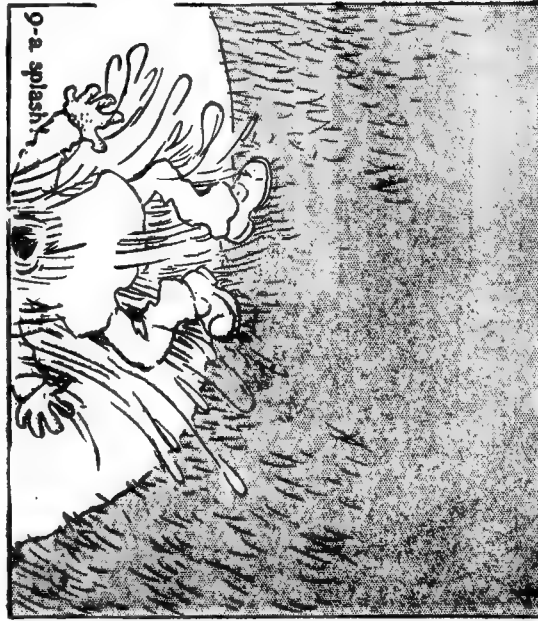
2. Muffaroo catches the pail which Lovelins tosses down to him.

She does so, but upsets the bucket on the steep hillside.



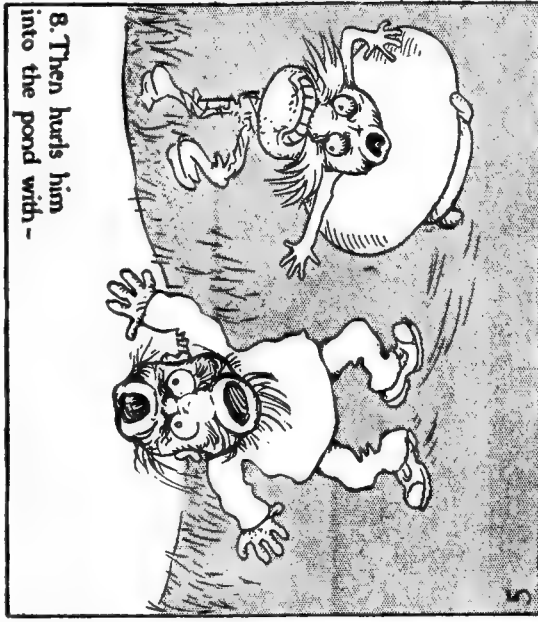
3. Leaving the Tramp bounding in the mud, bounding in the mud.

Now, at the bottom of the hill, a bad Tramp is lying



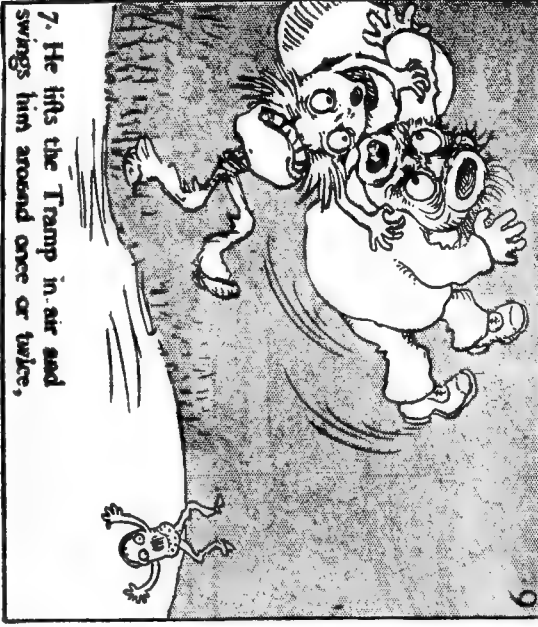
4-6 splash

And he gets all this water right on top of his head.



5. Then he huris him into the pond with -

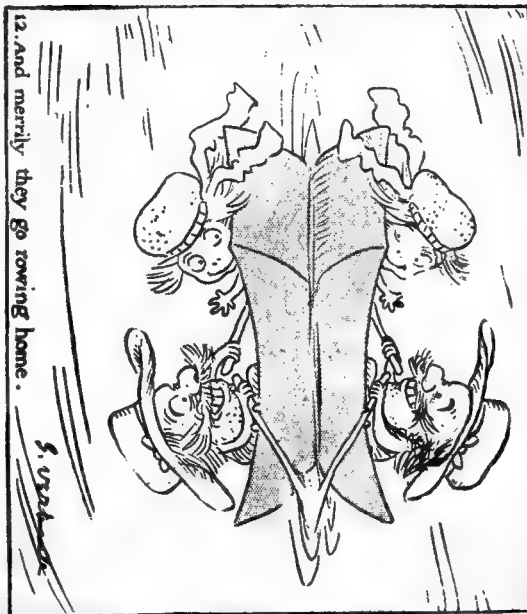
He starts after little Lady Lovelins and almost has her.



6. He lifts the Tramp in air and swings him around once or twice.

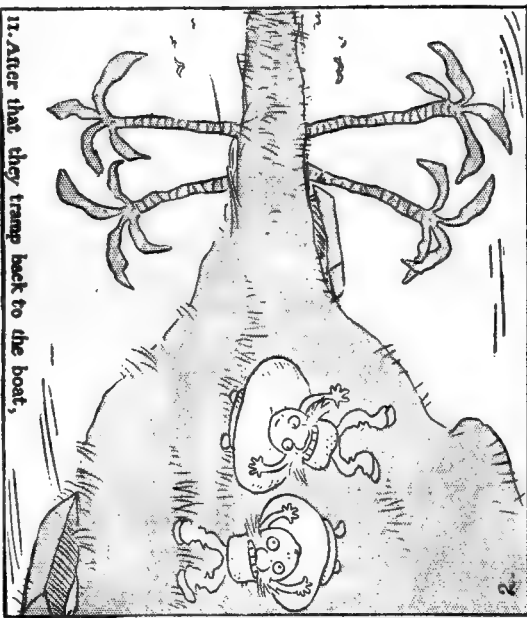
But he falls, she holds him, and then comes Muffaroo.

THE UPSIDE DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO — AN OSTRICH HUNT



1. And merrily they go rowing home.

One fine day they row across a beautiful glassy lake.



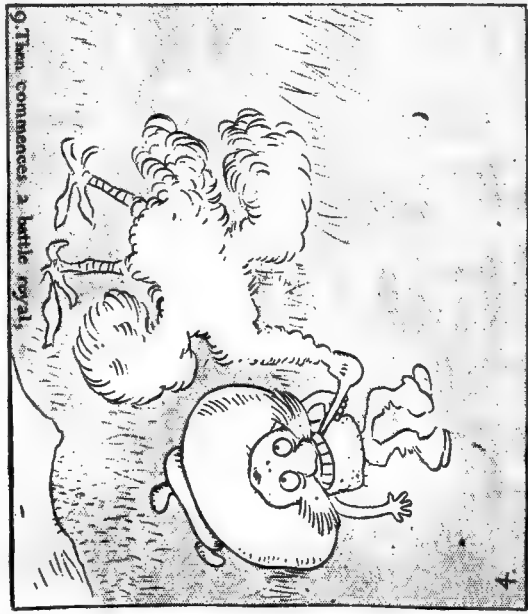
2. After that they tramp back to the boat.

They land, and Muffaroo warns Lovekins to be careful,



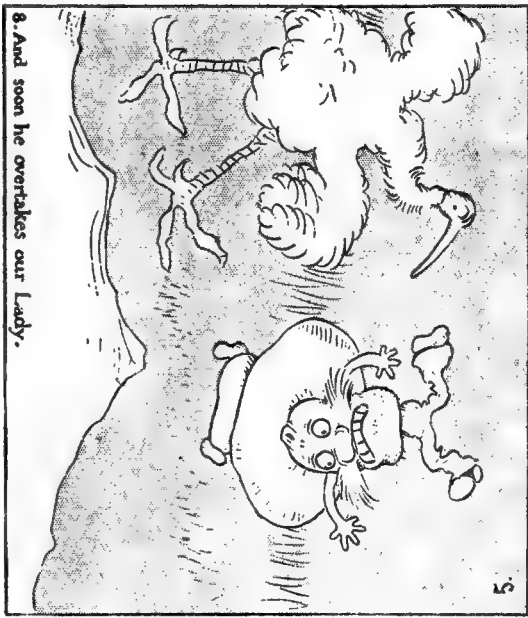
3. But, with the help of Muffaroo, the Ostrich is killed.

While he lights his pipe and goes for a little walk.



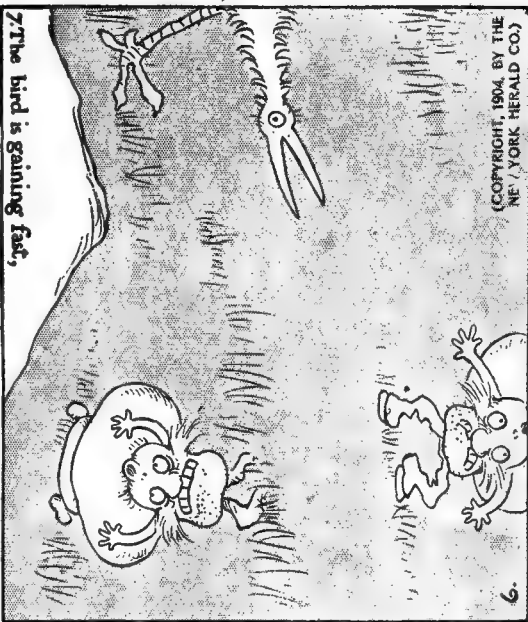
4. That tomorrow a battle royal

He is smoking away peacefully, when all at once, he-



5. And soon he soon

hears an awful scream. Dropping his pipe, he runs back,



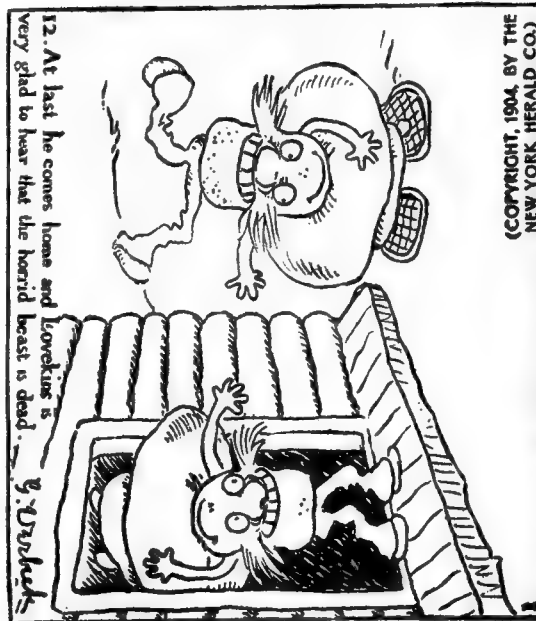
6. 'Tis sure as a pig

And there he sees an Ostrich after little Lady Lovekins!

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THE UPSIDE DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY : AN EXPERIMENT WITH SNOW - SHOES.

LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO -



1. At last he comes home and Lovekins is very glad to hear that the horrid beast is dead.

By W. W. D.

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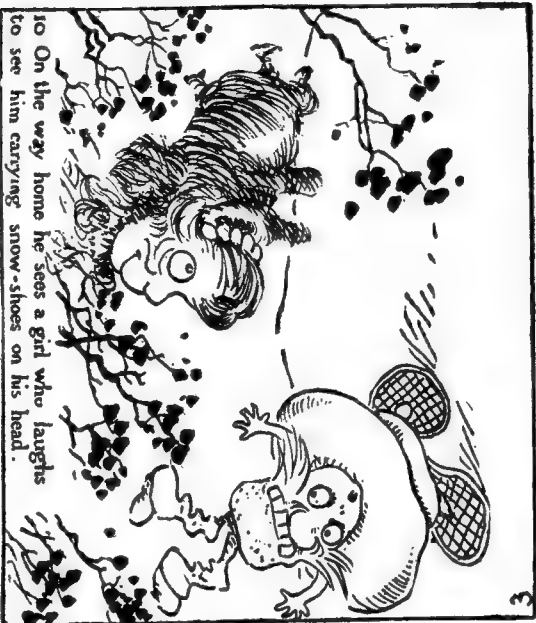
One snowy day the little Lady starts out on snow-shoes.



2. This makes him very angry and he scolds her severely.

2

She has not gone far when a big black beast comes along.



3

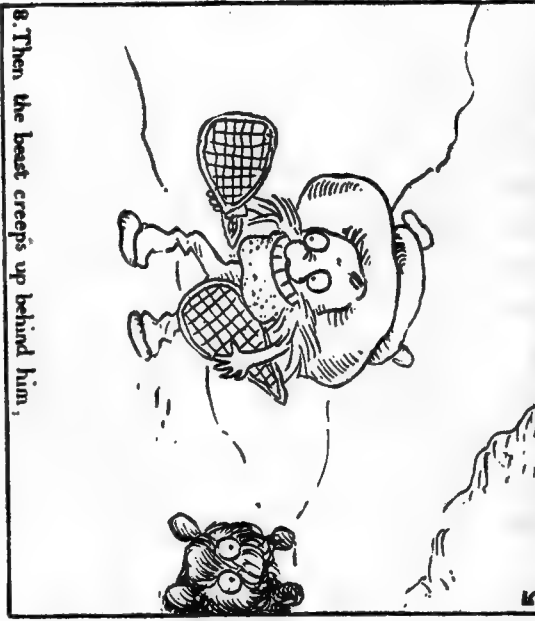
So she turns about and runs, with the beast after her.



4. But Muffaroo kills him with a kick on the nose.

4

He gains on her, so she takes off her snow-shoes.



5. Then the beast creeps up behind him,

5

She travels faster without them.



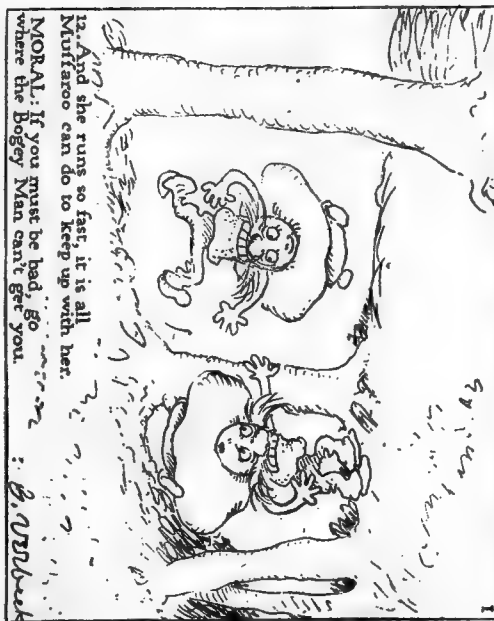
6. When Muffaroo hears Lovekins' story, he rushes out.

6

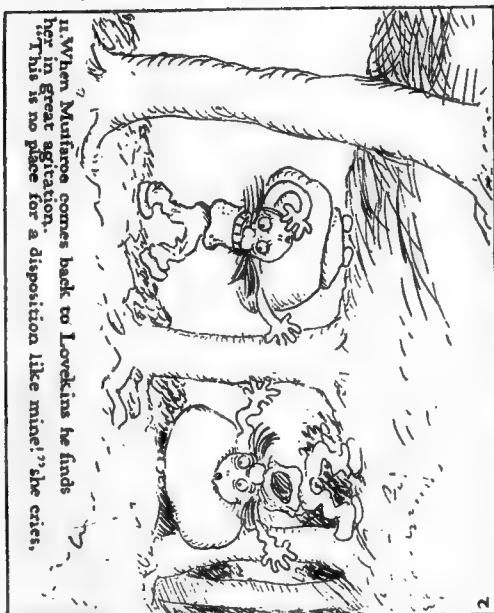
And gets into the cabin before the animal can catch her.

UPSIDE-DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO. THE BOGEY MAN.

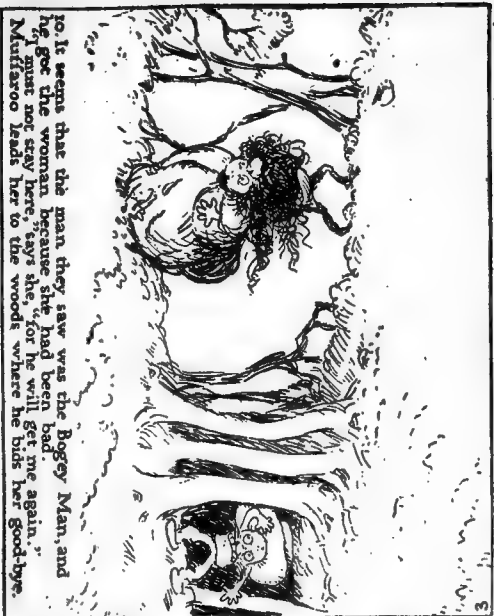
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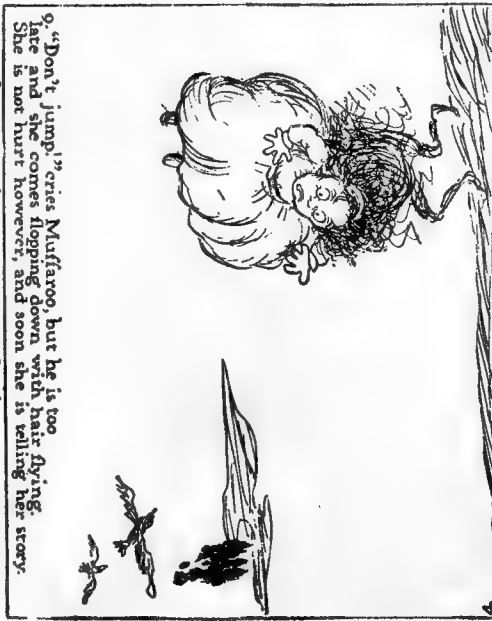
1
Old Man Muffaroo tells Little Lady Lovekins that she must be a good girl or the Bogey Man will get her.
"I don't believe it," replies the little lady scornfully.



2
Hardly are the words out of her mouth when they hear a blood curdling shriek,



3
And a moment later a little man appears carrying a big sack inside of which some live thing is squirming and kicking.



4
Following the ugly little man they see him take the bundle into a dismal looking dungeon,



5
The doors of which he closes behind him.



6
Lovekins and Muffaroo sit on a hill a little farther on. "That man has kidnapped somebody," says Lovekins. "We must try to rescue the poor soul," says Muffaroo.

7
So they return to the dungeon,

8
And there, leaning from one of the top-most windows of a tower, they see a woman waving her arms.

9
"Don't jump," cries Muffaroo but he is too late and she comes flopping down with hair flying. She is not hurt however, and soon she is telling her story.

10
It seems that the man they saw was the Bogey Man, and he got the woman because she had been bad. "I must not stay here," says she, "for he will get me again."

11
Muffaroo leads her to the woods where he bids her good-bye.

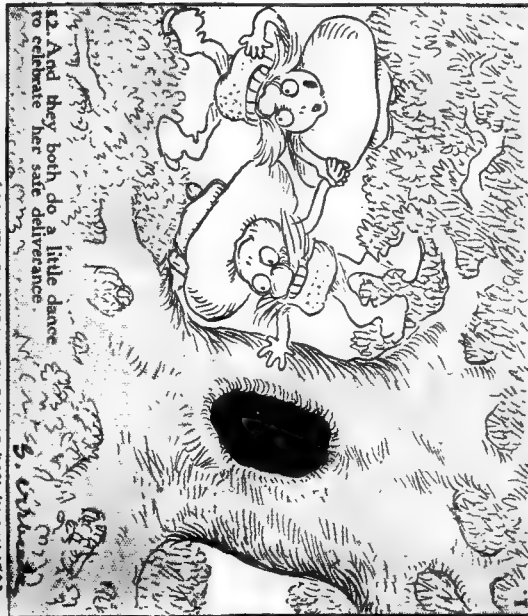
12
When Muffaroo comes back to Lovekins he finds her in great agitation. "This is no place for a disposition like mine!" she cries.

MORAL: If you must be bad, go where the Bogey Man can't get you.

THE UPSIDE DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO.

THE BAD SNAKE AND THE GOOD WIZARD.

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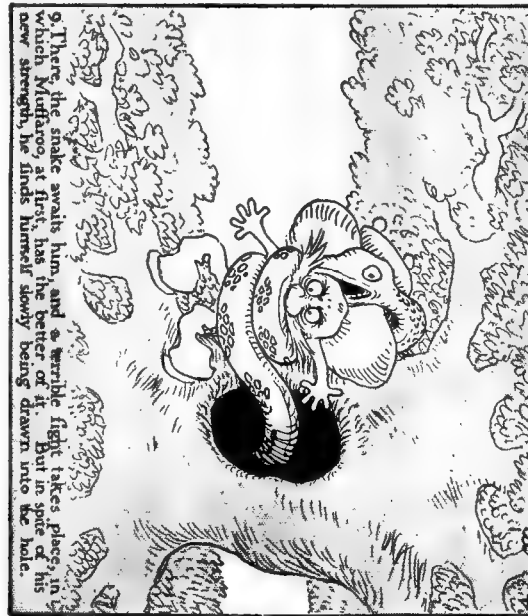
1. Such a curious old hollow tree as they come upon one fine day. Old man Muffaroo thinks he really must have a look inside.



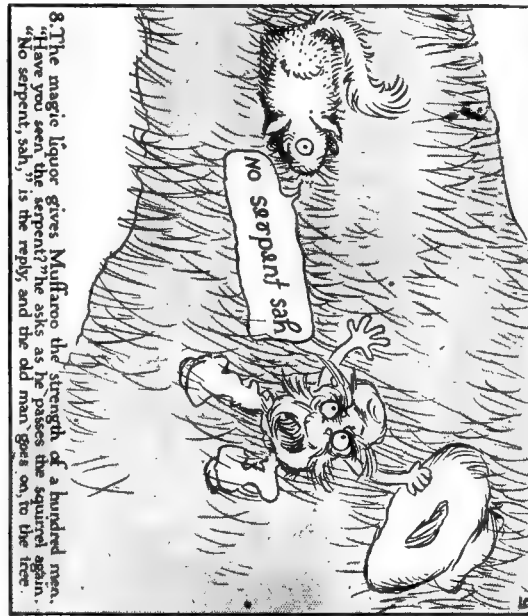
2. So he gaily steps into the hole, when, horrors! he feels something soft and slimy and wriggly, and out he jumps again.



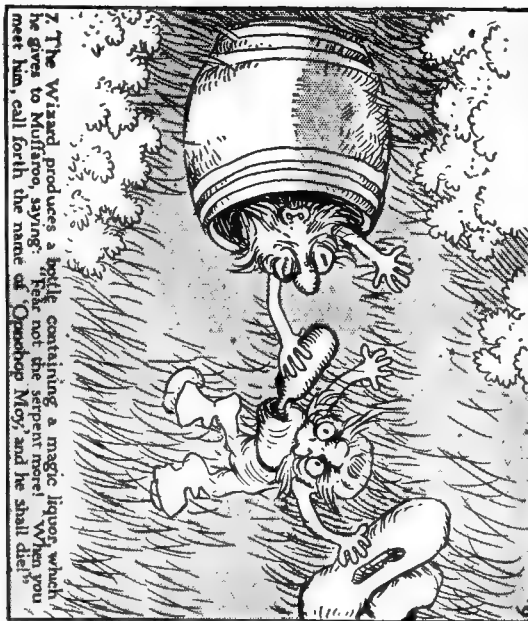
3. And out comes a big Snake after him, but Muffaroo, shame on him, runs away, leaving poor little Lady Lovekins standing there. "How do you do," she stammers, trying to push the Snake away.



4. There, the snake swallows him, and a terrible fight takes place, in which Muffaroo, at first, has the better of it. But in spite of his new strength, he finds himself slowly being drawn into the hole.



5. The magic liquor gives Muffaroo the strength of a hundred men. "Have you seen the serpent?" he asks as he passes the squirrel again. "No serpent, sah," is the reply, and the old man goes on to the tree.



6. The Wizard produces a bottle containing a magic liquor, which he gives to Muffaroo, saying, "Fear not the serpent more! When you meet him, call forth the name of 'Opnohop Moy,' and he shall die!"

But the Snake will not be pushed away. He wraps himself around her instead, and pulls her into the hollow tree, where he intends to keep her captive.

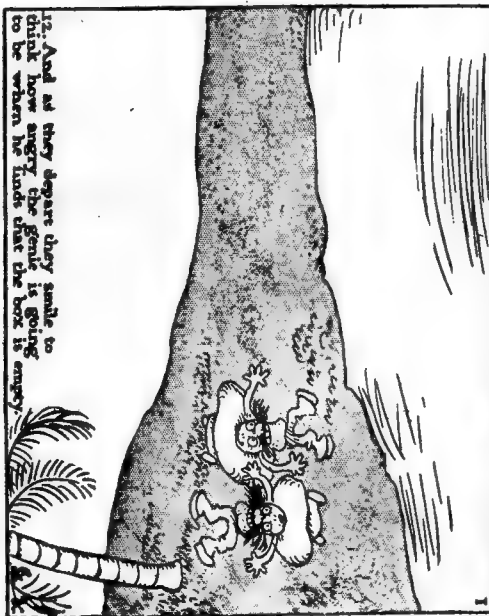
Muffaroo, meanwhile, has been running, and now he crawls, his legs having given out. He asks a squirrel if the wizard, Opnohop Moy, does not live a little further on. "Yes, furdere on," replies the squirrel.

Now the great wizard, Opnohop Moy, lives in a barrel, and all the animals and reptiles fear him. And Muffaroo arrives at his place and tells the sad tale of little Lady Lovekins' imprisonment.

UPSIDE-DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MANMUFFAROO

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THE GENIE and the BOX.



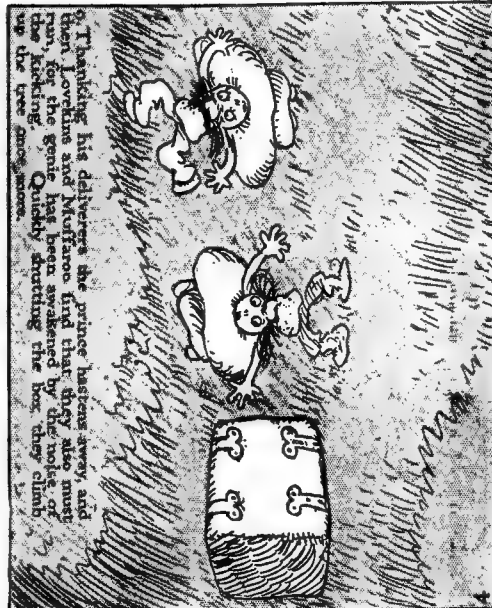
1. And as they depart they smile to think how swift the genie is going to be when he finds that the box is empty.

Walking on the beach, Lovekins and Muffaroo are alarmed by a frightful noise from the sea.



2. When he has been gone a considerable time, they descend.

They have scarce time to climb up into a tree, when they perceive a large column arise in the midst of the water, and advance toward the shore.



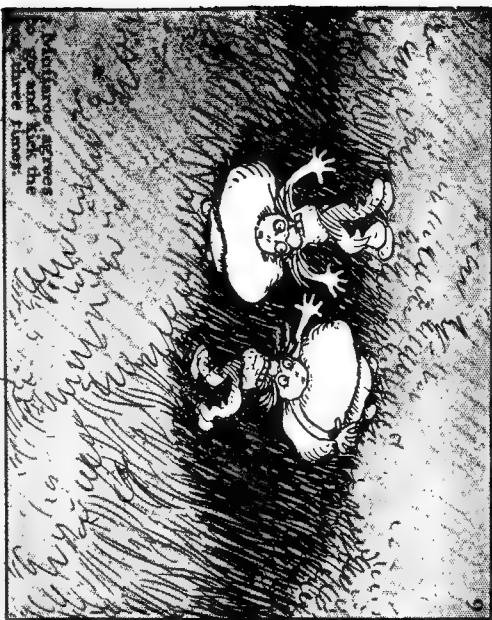
3. Thinking his deliverance the prince hastens away, and then Lovekins and Muffaroo find that they also must run, for the genie has been awakened by the noise of the kicking. Quickly shutting the box they climb up the tree once more.

When Lovekins and Muffaroo perceive that he is asleep they come down from the tree and going to the box they open the lid. What is their horror at seeing a hideous spider crawl out! Muffaroo runs, but Lovekins stays, the spider addressing her thus:



4. The genie takes the box again on his head and returns into the sea.

5. They presently find that it is one of those malignant geniuses, who are enemies to mankind and always doing them some mischief. He has a box which he lays down on the ground. He then takes himself under the shade of the trees to sleep.



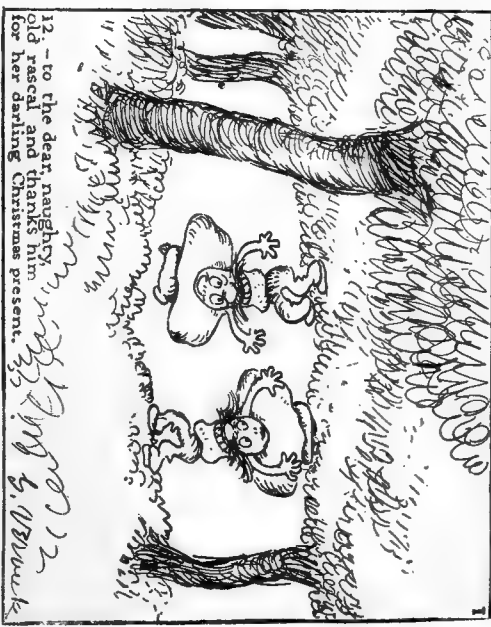
6. As the first kick the face of the spider changes to that of a very young and beautiful prince; at the second he stands upright; and at the third the hairy body disappears, and before them stands a young boy.

Lovekins goes to the place in which Muffaroo is hiding and tells him what the spider has said.

UPSIDE-DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO

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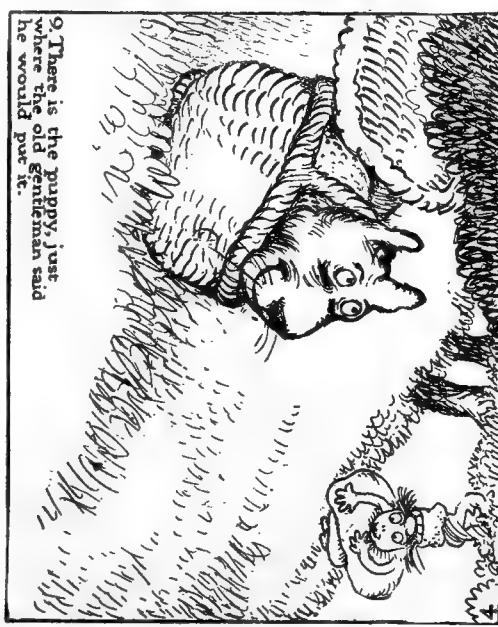
A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE



1. - to the dear, naughty old rascal and thanks him for her darling Christmas present.

"What would you like for Christmas?" asks Muffaroo.

"I'd like a little puppy," says Lovekins.



2. There is the puppy, just where the old gentleman said he would put it.

"Oh, won't you give it to me instead?" asks Muffaroo. "Why, certainly," replies the gentleman, "I'll bring it here and leave it under these trees for you."



3. And then she knows that Old Man Muffaroo has planned this little surprise for her, so she runs back.

So Old Man Muffaroo goes forth to see if he cannot find a puppy.



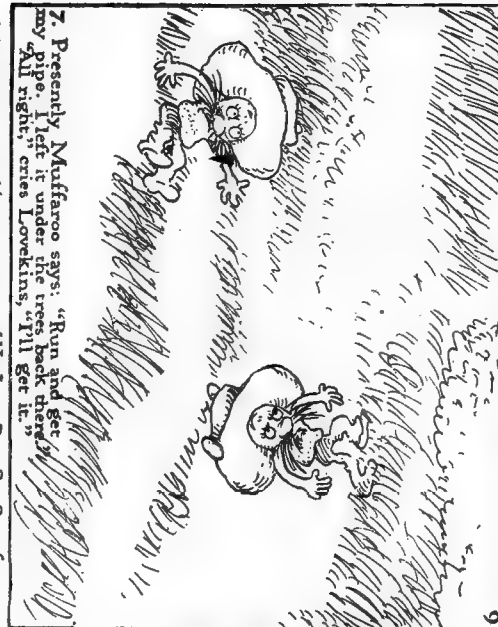
4. When she comes to the trees she hears something go "bow-wow-wow!" She peers under the leaves.

Muffaroo is just tickled to death! Now he decides to return to Lovekins and play a harmless little joke on her.



5. Lovekins runs up and gives the little dog a good hug and a squeeze.

He meets an elderly gentleman carrying a basket. "Do you know where there are any puppies?" asks Muffaroo. "I'm just going to get a puppy and drown it," answers the man.



6. Presently Muffaroo says: "Run and get my pipe. I left it under the tree back there." "All right," cries Lovekins, "I'll get it."

So he tells her that he has been hunting everywhere for a little dog, but none are to be had. "Never mind," says Lovekins, trying to appear cheerful, "I'll wait until next Christmas!"

The Great European Comic Heroes

by R. and J. M. Lofficier and Fred Patten

"You should see the comics they're doing over there!"

American comics fans are hearing these words with increased frequency these days. And usually "they" refers to European cartoonists, and "over there" means several countries, but particularly Belgium, France, Denmark, Italy, and Spain.

There is a revolution occurring on the Continent, and it is happening in a medium that we Americans like to consider peculiarly American. Indeed one of our native art forms. But Europe is taking the comic strip tight years into the future, with novel-length comic stories—sophisticated Graphic Novels (or "albums") that are between 44 and 96 pages in length, in full colors, printed and bound in permanent book-editions.

The themes range from kids' humor to adult science fiction; from Westerns to detective mysteries; the gamut from religious to porn to adaptations of Ibsen and Mark Twain. And America, despite the efforts of some, has been left in the dark for the most part.

The new NEMO series is an attempt to rectify this unfortunate situation. It is our intention to present, in brief profiles, introductions to the best of European comics, describing each series in terms of premise, main characters, synopses of appearance, origins, and publishing history. We will also offer information about the creators and examples of the artwork.

Your guides on this eye-opening tour are three of the most knowledgeable students of the European comics scene: Jean-Marc Lofficier and his wife Randi; and veteran comics scholar Fred Patten. They know these great series; they own all the books; and in many cases know the creators who are forging

new paths in this field.

Some readers may wonder why NEMO intends to devote space to books that often aren't in English and are next to impossible to find in the U.S. Good questions, but we have a good answer or two.

In the first place, European graphic novels can be found in this country, in certain select outlets like *Forbidden Planet* in New York City. Further, advertisements in NEMO will offer reprint books and cartoon material for sale, including European publications. As for the language barriers... I don't read all the languages of these astounding comics, but nevertheless many of them are genuine prized possessions.

But mostly let us remember NEMO's stated purpose of uncovering and illuminating the very best that comics have to offer. I daresay that locating copies of *Castaways in Time* would be a little easier than compiling a collection of *The Upside-Downs*, this issue's Fantasy strip, from 1904. No matter: NEMO's here to offer these things, whether by interesting essays or reprints, for the expansion of your knowledge—and we hope your love—of comics.

In short, the unavailability of the great European productions should not detract a whit from the desirability of coming to know them. The only thing more amazing than the work going on "over there" is that the formats, themes, and maturity haven't yet caught on in the U.S.

But it will happen, and we hope this series will prepare you along the inside track.

Bernard Prince

Adventures In Paradise And Other Places

Bernard Prince first appeared on Jan. 4, 1966, in the weekly magazine *Tintin*. The story was four pages long, and was entitled *Billet Surprise* (*Surprise Ticket*).

Bernard Prince was created by comic artist/writer Michel Greg, the "father" of *Achille Talon* (Walter Melon in the U.S.), *Luc Orient*, *Olivier Rameau*, and many other major European series. The artist was a then relatively unknown name: Hermann, who would later create *Jeremiah* (*The Survivors!* in the U.S.).

Six other short stories followed, which established the character: Bernard Prince is in his mid-30s. He is tall, slender, and white-haired, a trait that he shares with another Greg character, *Bruno Brazil*.

When the series began, Prince has the appearance of the standard police inspector: beige trenchcoat; stern expression; short, severe haircut. The villains he battled were ordinary crooks, murderers, and an occasional spy. His only companion appeared to be his young, East Indian ward, Djinn. The orphaned boy had saved Prince years earlier in Karachi, and the policeman then adopted him. Djinn is bright, alert, and free-spirited, an attitude that would remain with him throughout the series.

Prince's life underwent a radical change when his Uncle Leonard died, leaving his only worldly possession, a small,

powerful, white cabin-cruiser—"Le Cormoran" (in *L'Evasion du Cormoran—The Cormorant's Escape*). Prince then grabbed the chance to leave Interpol, and to start what he thought would be a peaceful career as ship's captain. It was a lost cause; his first act as world-roving adventurer was to capture a dangerous escaped convict, thus proving that "once a cop, always a cop!"

This rather radical change in concept was reported to be due to fear of conflict between the Prince character, and another *Tintin* detective, *Ric Hochet*.

On Jan. 17, 1967, *Tintin* began the serialization of Bernard Prince's first full-length 23-page adventure, *Les Pirates de Lokanga* (*The Pirates of Lokanga*). The story took place in Lom-bashi, the capital of the African Republic of Lokanga. There Prince met the man that was to become his first mate, Barney Jordan. Jordan is a large, red-haired, bearded, seasoned sailor. He is a hard-drinking, boisterous but good-natured bear of a man. In Lokanga, Prince and his newly-acquired friend became involved in breaking up a diamond-smuggling operation, which was being run by the lovely but deadly Madame Diego, and the villainous Kurt Bronzen.

The next adventure took the crew of the *Cormorant* to the Far East. In yet another 22-page story, entitled *General Satan*, Prince and his friends were blackmailed into transporting a

trainload of ammunition to a fortress, besieged by the Chinese warlord General Satan. From then on, Satan became Prince's arch-enemy. *General Satan* permanently established the reputation of the character... and that of Hermann!

For collectors, both this story and *Les Pirates de Lokanga* were collected in one book *Le General Satan* in 1969, which exists in both soft cover (Collection Jeune Europe) and hard cover (Collection Du Lombard) editions.

From there, the heroes traveled to the South American republic of Coronado. With this third *Prince* adventure, entitled *Tonnerre Sur Coronado* (*Thunder Over Coronado*), the stories became, with one exception, the standard European length of 44 pages. In Coronado, Prince encouraged, and led, the local farmers in a revolution against the nefarious Bronzen, who this time had stolen their land to build a cattle empire.

General Satan then returned in *La Frontiere de l'Enfer* (*The Border of Hell*). The evil, oriental warlord framed the heroes, forcing them to flee from a sadistic prison commander through the savage Indochinese jungle of Lao-Todang.

The fifth *Prince* adventure, *Aventure A Manhattan* (*Adventure in Manhattan*), is the above-mentioned exception in that it is only 36 pages long. In it, Prince and Barney Jordan helped a Scandinavian millionaire to protect an important business deal. Jordan impersonated the magnate but, when the real man was kidnapped, Prince's old Interpol contacts proved useful in the rescue. It is definitely a change of pace to see the heroes in action in the teeming streets of Manhattan.

The next adventure, *L'Oasis en Flammes* (*Oasis in Flames*), one of Hermann's most finely crafted stories, saw the three comrades racing against time to deliver desperately needed medication in North Africa.

One of their old friends from Coronado returned in the following episode, *La Loi de l'Ouragan* (*Law of the Hurricane*) and asked the "Cormorant" crew to help him save his newly acquired pearl-fishing island from a variety of threats... including a giant moray eel!

Their next enterprise, *La Fournaise des Damnes* (*The Furnace of the Damned*), a story which dealt with the rescue of victims of a horrible forest fire, saw the "Cormorant" captain adopt a pet—a small bear cub nicknamed *Boule de Poils* (*Furball*).

Then it was back to South America in *La Flamme Verte du Conquistador* (*The Green Flame of the Conquistador*) to face the threat of Tuxedo, a crazed

guerrilla warrior in search of a legendary emerald mine. In terms of pure action and story-telling, *La Flamme...* is an outstanding achievement.

Prince stayed in South America in *Guerilla pour un Fantome* (*Guerilla for a Ghost*) to restore to power the president of Monteguana, who had been reported dead. Then their travels returned them to Singapore, where the "Cormorant" was hijacked by two plague-carrying killers just at the time when it was needed to evacuate a small volcanic island that threatened to explode, in *Le Souffle de Moloch* (*The Breath of Moloch*). For the first time we get more than a hint that, faithful to maritime traditions, Prince has a woman waiting for him in each port!

The "Cormorant's" next call was in Tai-Tsieng, where General Satan chose Prince to deliver the ransom for his kidnapped daughter. In this story, entitled *La Forteresse des Brumes* (*The Fortress of the Mists*), published in 1977, Hermann's art style became increasingly detailed.

Then, during a gang war in the south of France in *Objectif Cormoran* (*Target Cormorant*), the "Cormorant" was destroyed. This forced Prince and company to find other jobs to finance her rebuilding, including the salvage of a ship trapped in Arctic ice, in *Le Port des Fous* (*Madmen's Port*).

In 1979, Hermann announced that he wanted to retire from the series, to devote more time to his own creations, notably the SF series *Jeremiah*. He was replaced on *Bernard Prince* by Dany, who had previously collaborated with Greg on *Olivier Rameau*. Greg's and Dany's first story was entitled *Le Piège aux 100.000 Dards* (*The Trap with 100,000 Stings*). No other Bernard Prince adventures have appeared since.

A number of short stories illustrated by Hermann were published at various intervals over the years, mostly in the digest-sized, quarterly, *Pocket-Tintin*. In 1980, these were collected in a special book entitled *Bernard Prince d'Hier et d'Aujourd'hui* (*Bernard Prince, Yesterday and Today*).

A PRINCELY TEAM—A fragment of a *Bernard Prince* sequence drawn by Hermann, who, with writer Greg, have fashioned some of comics' most stunning artwork in this series and *Comanche*. Greg's editorial guidance (he is an artist himself), leading to elements like realistically picturing a discharged gun kicking back above the puff of gunsmoke, have made their collaborations classics of comics expression.



Valerian

France's Spatiotemporal Agent

Valerian made its debut in 1967. This first appearance was a 30-page story entitled *Les Mauvais Reves* (*The Bad Dreams*) in the French weekly magazine *Pilote*.

Although writer Pierre Christin had done various short stories under his pen name of "Linus," including a six-page humor story with artist Jean-Claude Mezieres, his childhood friend, the series' creators were still relatively new to the French comics scene.

Les Mauvais Reves takes place in the Year 2770 and sets the stage for the following. On this Earth of the future, Galaxy is the capital of the mighty Terran Empire. Since the discovery of space/time travel in 2314, Earth has lived in a semi-technological utopia. Spatiotemporal agents patrol the past to protect it (a concept obviously inspired by Poul Anderson's *Time Patrol* series), and explore the cosmos.

Les Mauvais Reves sees top agent Valerian dispatched to the Middle Ages to capture a renegade Galaxy technocrat, Xombul, who desires to control the future through sorcery. It also introduces Valerian's companion, the young and spunky Laureline. Because Mezieres's style was then more caricatural than it is today, this story was not reprinted until 1983, when it became part of a special Mezieres book issued by Dargaud.

The next story, *La Cite des Eaux Mouvantes* (*The City of the Moving Waters*), was the first major Valerian story. It was originally published in 1968-69 in two 28-page installments. The second half of the book appeared independently under the title *Terre en Flammes* (*Earth in Flames*).

In *La Cite*, Valerian and Laureline are once again sent to chase after Xombul, this time in the New York of 1986. Just before their arrival there had been an explosion of a cache of hydrogen bombs near the pole, which resulted in the crumbling of civilization and the submersion of much of Earth's coastal areas. Xombul's plan is to use his superior scientific knowledge to control the survivors, and create a new galactic empire. Jerry Lewis and Sun Ra "guest-starred" in this adventure, or at least their faces were given to appropriate characters.

The next adventure was a classic 44-page space opera, entitled *L'Empire des Mille Planetes* (*The Empire of a Thousand Planets*). Valerian and Laureline infiltrated the decadent, alien empire of Syrte, and discovered that it was secretly ruled by the disfigured survivors of a first Terran space expedition.

The fourth Valerian adventure, *Le Pays Sans Etoiles* (available from Dargaud in the U.S. as *World Without Stars*) saw Valerian and Laureline attempt to save the inhabitants of a hollow planetoid from a collision course. The rescue efforts were hampered by the denizens' perpetual battle of the sexes. For the first time, Laureline started to show herself as being a basically wiser character than Valerian. In both this adventure and *L'Empire*, Mezieres became one of the first artists to translate classical science-fiction concepts into a visual form, anticipating George Lucas's designs in *Star Wars*.

Bienvenue Sur Alfolol (published in America as *Welcome to Alfolol*) was almost a political statement. For the first time, Valerian and Laureline disagreed on Galaxy's treatment of the native inhabitants of an industrial planet, when they returned to find their world sadly changed. This adventure was followed by *Les Oiseaux du Maître* (*The Birds of the Master*), a more classical science-fiction story, where the heroes, stranded on an isolated planet, must overcome a galactic entity that feeds on negative emotions. In both books, Christin and Mezieres criticized the technological civilization of Galaxy.

L'Ambassadeur des Ombres, chronologically the next episode, was the first Valerian story to be translated (as *Ambassador of the Shadows*) in the United States. Originally published



in 1975, its plot focuses on Laureline's frantic search for Valerian and a kidnapped ambassador. The setting was a gigantic space station that serves as a meeting point for a myriad of galactic races. It confirmed the young woman's dominant position in the series, probably a first in the history of comics. It also crystallized Valerian's acceptance as one of the best and most celebrated science-fiction series in France. After *L'Ambassadeur*, each new story became something of an event.

Valerian's seventh adventure, *Sur les Terres Truquées* (*On the Fixed Earths*), had an army of Valerian clones investigating bizarre replicas of pieces of Earth's historical past which were floating in deep space. They turned out to be the creations of an alien artist who wished to study our civilization. Then, in *Les Heros de l'Equinoxe* (translated in the U.S. as *Heroes of the Equinox*), Mezieres and Christin poked gentle fun at American super-heroes, in a story that told of a competition between Valerian and three super-powered alien champions.

The next two books, *Metro Chatelet* *Direction Cassiopee* (*Metro*

Chatelet Direction Cassiopea) and Brooklyn Station Terminus Cosmos (Brooklyn Station Cosmos Terminus), formed one single story, which showed Valerian returning to Earth's past (in fact, 1980), to explore the mysterious appearances of alien elemental forces. Laureline discovered the key to the plot in the Cassiopean star-system in the future. This adventure provided a more detailed exploration of the Valerian universe, with references to *La Cite des Eaux Mouvantes* and hints of other, yet untold, future stories.

Laureline, who in *Les Heros de l'Equinoxe* had shown that she could be jealous of Valerian's feminine liaisons, here had reason to be upset, as her companion falls prey to the wiles of a beautiful, blonde agent. Yet Laureline's appearance as a gun-toting, scantily leather-clad amazon towards the end of the

story showed the character evolving into a more mature, certainly more independent woman.

The most recent Valerian episode, *Les Spectres d'Inverloch* (*The Spectres of Inverloch*) has been serialized in *Pilote's* 1983-1984 season and was recently published in album format.

Most of the Valerian short stories, which were published throughout the 1970s in the digest-sized, quarterly *Super-Pocket Pilote*, were anthologized in a small book entitled *Par les Chemins de l'Espace* (*By the Pathways of Space*), and published in the 16/22 Dargaud imprint. An original Valerian story, *Les Astroides de Shimbailil* (*The Asteroids of Shimbailil*), was also prepared for an animated video production. Drawings for the first episode were published in the above mentioned Mezieres profile book.



Les Naufrages Du Temps

(Castaways In Time)



Les Naufrages du Temps premiered in 1964 in the French magazine *Chouchou* in an adventure entitled *L'Etoile Endormie* (*The Sleeping Star*).

Les Naufrages was a result of the collaboration of two very talented individuals: writer Jean-Claude Forest, himself an artist of some stature (he had written and drawn *Barbarella*, and done covers for a line of science-fiction paperbacks); and artist Paul Gillon, who was mostly known for a daily romance strip in the style of *Heart of Juliet Jones*, entitled *22 Rue de l'Espoir*.

Chouchou's short life sadly interrupted the first adventure after only a few installments. But the groundbreaking nature of the story, and Gillon's remarkable artwork, had already created a huge interest in the series.

Les Naufrages' premise is that, in 1990, as Mankind is under attack from a space plague, two people, Christopher Cavallieri and Valerie Haurele, are put into individual hibernation capsules and sent into space. A thousand years later, Chris is brought back to life and helps the solar system to fight the Trasses, a collective intelligence made up from a race of alien, winged rats. In the process, Chris finds Valerie's capsule and reanimates her.

However, during their thousand-year sleep, the two voyagers had kept idealized images of each other. They soon discover that their love cannot withstand the ravages of reality...

In spite of the popularity of the series, fans had to wait until the late 1970s for the Belgian publishing company Casterman to bring out the first two volumes of the saga in two 50-page books, entitled *L'Etoile Endormie* and *La Mort Sinueuse* (*The Creeping Death*). In themselves, these two books formed a complete story, which was, in fact, the one originally plotted by Gillon and Forest for *Chouchou*. Unfortunately the books were printed in two colors only, and much of the beauty of the art was lost.

By good fortune, *Les Naufrages* were rescued by *Metal*



Hurlant's publisher, Les Humanoides Associes. In 1979, in the Collection Eldorado, they published two new volumes of the saga in full color: *Labyrinthes* (*Labyrinths*) and *L'Univers Cannibal* (*The Cannibal Universe*). Les Humanoides also reissued the first two volumes, this time in full color.

With the "found and lost love" of Chris and Valerie as the background, the story introduces two new villains: one, a fantastic creature called the Tapir, who is the crimelord of the Solar System; and the other a mad scientist, Leobart. Both villains attempt to take over a mysterious world that lies within a gargantuan, worm-like creature. Their plots are foiled by Chris and a group of friends, including the beautiful Mara (Valerie's rival for Chris's love); a cyborg, Major Lisdal; and other colorful characters.

With the fifth book in the series, *Tendre Chimere* (*Tender Chimera*), Paul Gillon took over the writing of the series, which he has done ever since. Gillon's plots tend to be simpler than Forest's, without losing the rich, inventive quality that made *Les Naufrages* one of France's top science-fiction series.

In this book—and its sequel *Les Maitres-Reveurs* (*The Master Dreamers*)—Gillon wrapped up several loose ends created by Forest. Upon his return from the worm-world to our solar

system, Chris discovers that the real Valerie was kidnapped by the Tapir and sent through space to his home planet, where she is prisoner of giant slug creatures with the power to materialize dreams. To free Valerie, Chris allies himself with the Tapir's race, and once again defeats his old enemies, the Trasses.

In *Les Naufrages*' next adventure, again composed of two 50-page books, *Le Sceau de Beselek* (*The Seal of Beselek*) and *Ortho-Mentas* (*Ortho-Mentas*), the voyagers' spaceship is hijacked and taken to Orkand, a planetary system used as a prison. There, the heroes battle the fanatic cultists of Beselek, who hold the system under their domination. In order to defeat their enemies, they finally gain the alliance of the Ortho-Mentas, a guild of scientists who live in orbit, in the wreck of a giant spaceship.

Gillon's talent is in full swing as he pictures the incredible Orkand Archipelago where people travel from planet to planet on giant insects. Chris and his friends encounter strange life-forms and weirdly garbed micro-civilizations in a series of adventures reminiscent of Alex Raymond or Jack Vance.

At the end of *Ortho-Mentas*, a passing space circus enables the heroes to leave Orkand and continue their journey. Further adventures will undoubtedly await them.

Bill of Fare: Mutton Jeff

Mutt And Jeff's Family Album

By Bill Blackbeard

The following sequence of daily *Mutt and Jeff* episodes from December 31, 1951 through February 2, 1952 are apparently unique in comic strip history, the only occasion I have encountered in which the creator of a strip surveyed its beginnings from a later date in long and loving detail. There has been, in fact, very little like it at all, of any length or detail. The *Superman* strip recapped its origin story at least once (in a 1945 Sunday sequence); Al Capp retold his Sadie Hawkins Day story annually (reprinted it, actually, and got a week's respite from the drawing board every year); and Fred Lasswell gave a nostalgic hail and farewell to classic comic-strip characters in a *Bunky* sequence at the time of Bill De Beck's death; but none of these resemble in any way the work Bud Fisher and Al Smith did in this delightful group of episodes.

I only wish I had known about the sequence at the time I edited my *A. Mutt* volume for the Hyperion Library of Classic American Comic Strips, since this comment from a much later date would have counterpointed the *A. Mutt* content (the first year of the original Bud Fisher strip from 1907-1908) wonderfully.

Although the *Mutt and Jeff* strip had been drawn and written largely by Al Smith after 1934 (at which time he created his own strip, the Sunday *Cicero's Cat*, under *Fisher's* byline, another very novel event in strip history), it seems evident that Fisher worked very closely with Smith on the series of episodes here. Only Fisher—who would seem to have retained an unusually good body of his own early strip work on hand—could have made the bulk of the comments here on such esoteric matters as Mutt's long lost brother or his briefly used mother-in-law (never revived by Smith). Since Fisher died only a short time later, in 1954, the commentaries and notations in this sequence would constitute his last published remarks on his work.

Fisher did make a few, quite minor, errors in his remarks. In the episode for January 10, 1952, he has Jeff state that he "came into" the strip on March 29, 1908; in fact, Jeff was first drawn in the strip on March 27, and named by another character introducing him to Mutt on March 28 (see page 50 in *A. Mutt*). In the next episode, January 11, Mutt tells Jeff that he "worked six days a week" at the time the strip began; actually, this was a fact for only three weeks, while Fisher remained at the *San Francisco Chronicle*; the *A. Mutt* strip was such an extraordinary hit that Hearst's *San Francisco Examiner* bought Fisher away from the *Chronicle* the first week of December, 1907, and put him to work drawing *A. Mutt* for the *Examiner* sports page seven days a week, every week, for the next two

years.

Not an error, but worth noting, is the "1907" drawing in the second panel of the January 22, 1951 episode of *Mutt and Jeff*: This is really a redrawing of the original artwork (see page 3 of *A. Mutt*), not a reprint as it would seem to be. (The newspaper headline held by Mutt read "Big Winning at Track" in the original panel, not "Big Winner," as Fisher has it here.) Finally, the last episode in this sequence, February 2, 1952, is somewhat misleading in its suggestion that Mrs. Mutt and Cicero date from 1910 and 1912 respectively. Fisher is simply dating source material for his artwork here, but someone (presumably Smith) has written captions that suggest the art dates are actually character origin dates: Cicero, for example, is described as "forty years old" in the last panel, a presumption based on the 1912 art date above. In fact, as Fisher should have known, both Mrs. Mutt and Cicero date from the fourth episode of *A. Mutt* in 1907, making Cicero a forty-five-year-old little boy. (Readers of my article on the early George Herriman in *NEMO* #1 will recall my discussion of Fisher's Cicero Mutt and Herriman's Cicero Proones as curiously related strip characters from this period.)

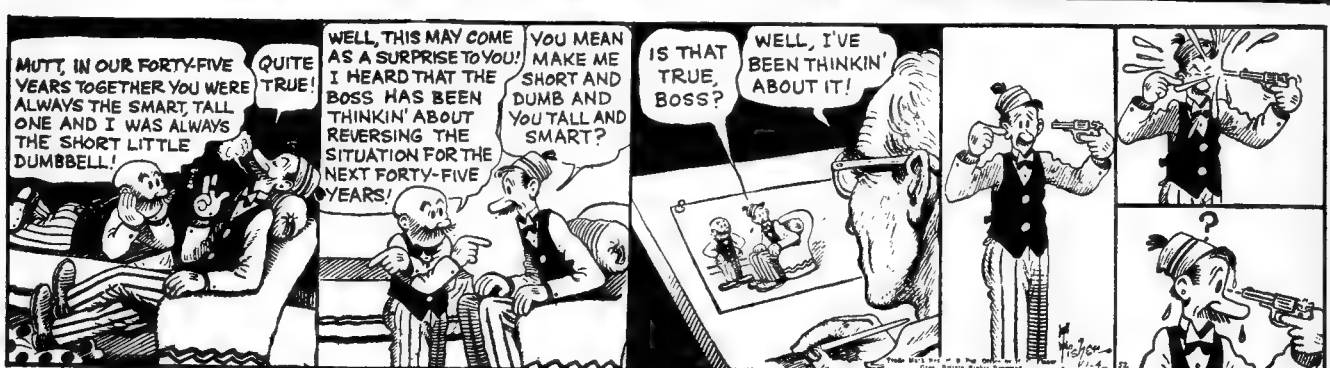
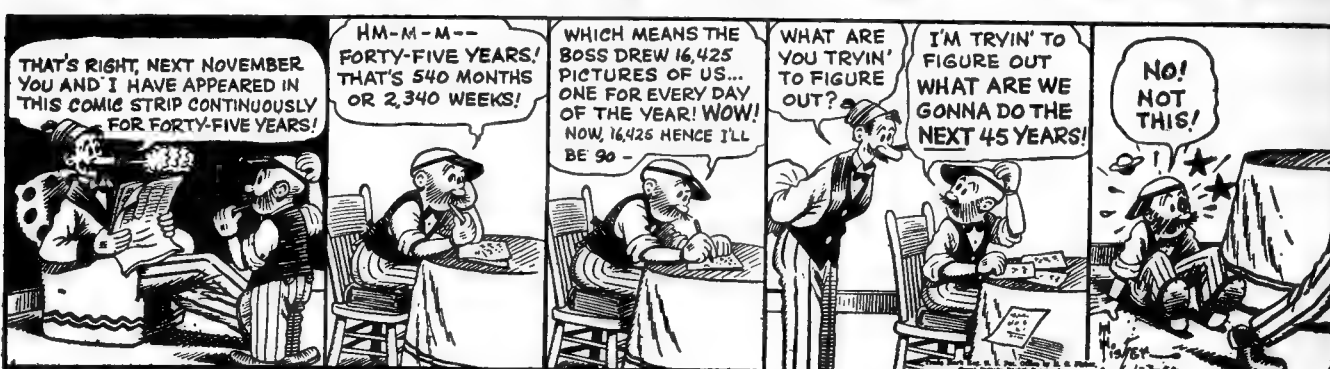
It is interesting to note that in the text of the final panel of the opening episode of this sequence, December 31, 1951, Fisher most likely made casual reference to "an institution for the insane" (the routine term during much of Fisher's early life), but an alarmed response from some source (the syndicate?) evidently led to the tightly-crammed substitution of "feeble-minded," thus sparing the presumably more delicate sensibilities of modern strip readers from such crude, if accurate, usage.

The references to "telling more" if readers "are interested" (December 31, 1951) and to a reader's inquiry cited in the episode for January 29, 1952 (concerning art in the episode for January 22, 1952) are somewhat suspect in view of the professional demand for strip artists to work an average of six weeks ahead of publication, and the normal practice of strip artists to turn in a week or more of daily episodes at a time.

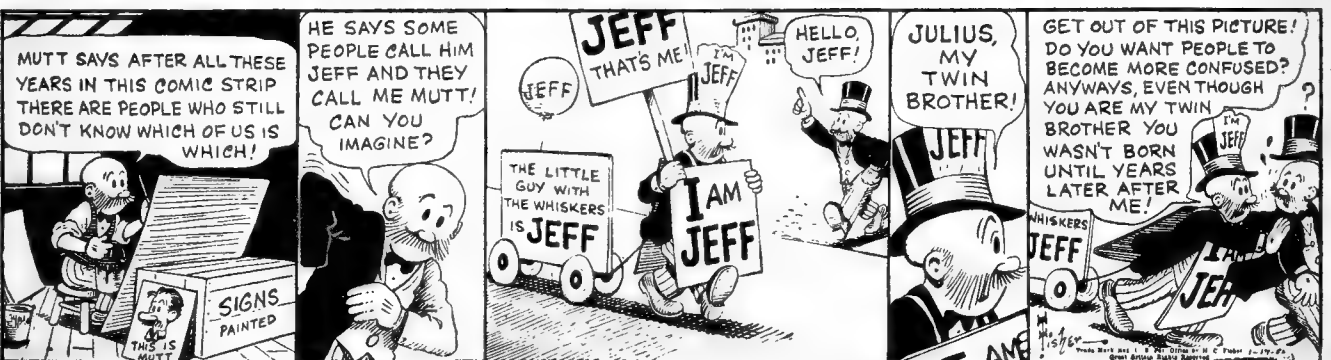
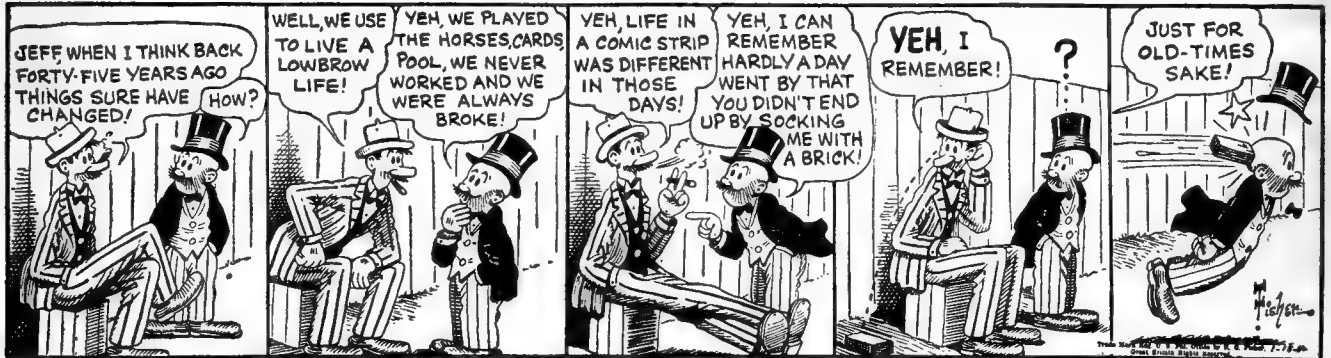
This series of episodes, like a sudden oasis of comedy, revives much of the fanciful quality and visual humor of the classic Fisher strip of 1907-1933 that had been tamed and standardized in subsequent years, and is in itself one of the most memorable highlights of strip history. Enjoy.

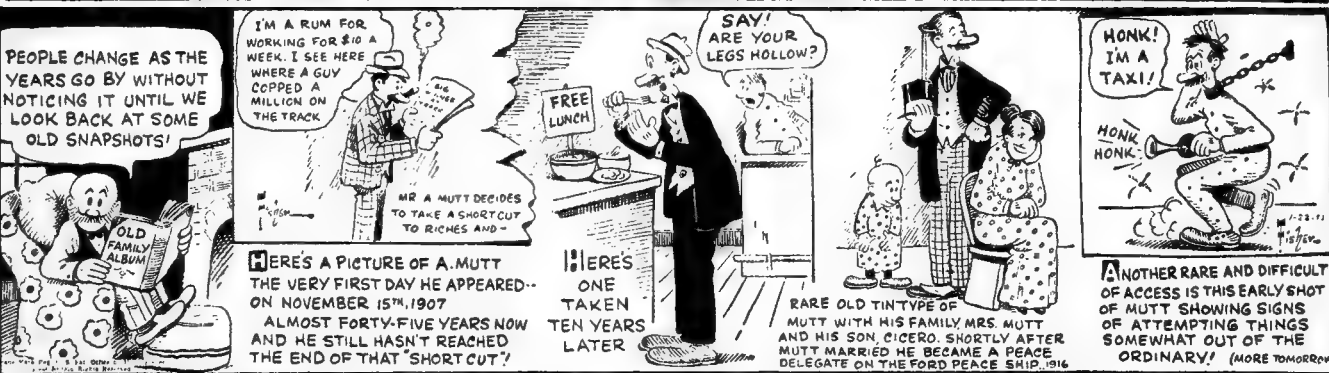
Note: The "Mutton Jeff" in the title of the present piece was a Fisher-era intervention, used in a cafe menu in a Sunday episode of 1933.

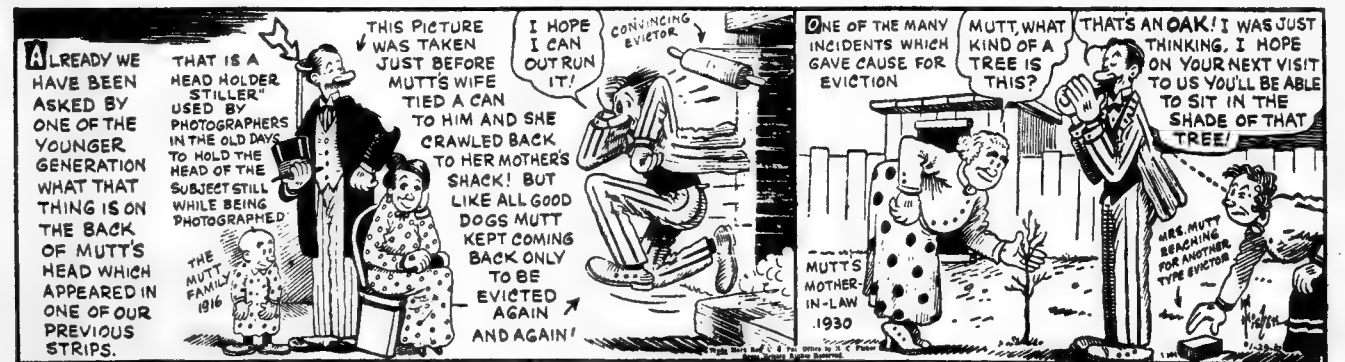
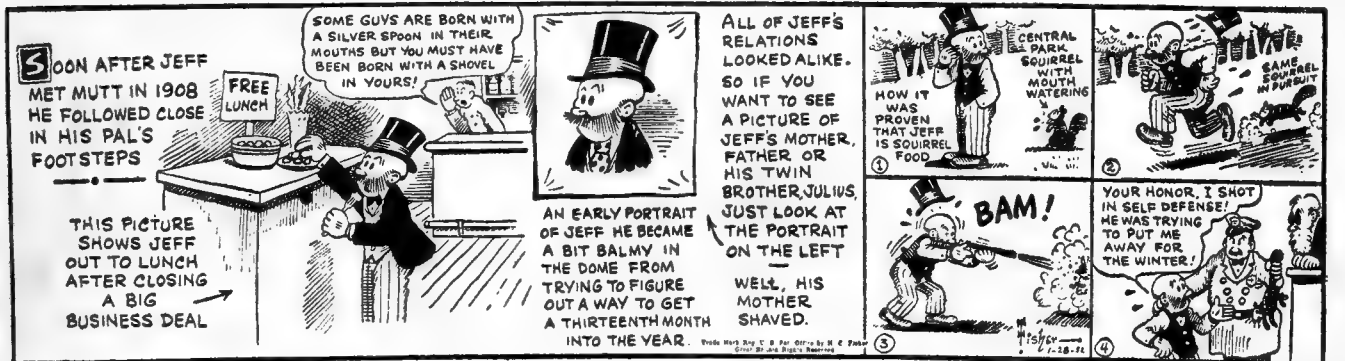












Playwright for Paper Actors: The Allen Saunders Autobiography

—CHAPTER TEN— The Craft of Strip Writing

The Craft Of Strip Writing

When our fourth child was born, early in 1936, we engaged Anchen, a stolid, efficient, no-nonsense German woman, to shepherd our growing flock; their mother desperately needed help and the neighbors were starting to hint darkly about laws against willful trespassing, even by precious little lambs. For several days Anchen had noted, tight-lipped and silent, my erratic office hours and my sitting with pad and pencil staring at the wall in what appeared to be a catatonic trance.

At last, one morning when I had left for my mid-city studio at the scandalous hour of 11 a.m., she could no longer suppress her curiosity.

"Vot," she asked my wife, "does Mr. Saunders do?"

"He writes comic strips," Lois replied.

"He does vot?"

Lois opened a newspaper to the comic page, pointed to *Chief Wahoo*, and explained, "He writes the stories and dialogue for this."

For a long moment Anchen, brows knitted, stared at the paper nodding slowly. Finally, she turned back to Lois. "So," she persisted, "vot else does he do?"

Actually, Anchen's question was a natural one. Political cartoonists, deservedly, are generally looked upon as hard-working members of an accepted profession. But there is a wide-spread impression that we who fill the comic pages, especially those of us who wrote what might be termed pictorial fiction, are the world's most underworked and overpaid free-loading idlers.

Comic strips, the humorous kind, have been popular since before the turn of the century. But the idea of continuity strips was born much later, in the mid-'20s.

Chicago journalists of that era habitually gathered in a favorite tavern for lunch and refreshment. Though not a newspaperman, a manufacturing jeweler named Sol Hess was always welcomed by the group. He had a stiletto-sharp wit and laced his conversation with salty quips.

His companions either surreptitiously scribbled them down, or mentally squirreled them away and raced back to their typewriters to work them, uncredited, into their own copy. Sidney Smith, who had created a humor strip titled *Old Dock Yak*, was more canny. He put Sol under exclusive contract... and the jeweler's funny, witty remarks were no longer free.

One day Sol remarked that serial stories could be told in strip form. His listeners hooted. No one could write a novel in daily driplets. But Sol went back to his shop and turned out an episode for Smith's *Andy Gump*, the successor to *Old Doc Yak*. It told how a widow named Zander complicated Andy Gump's

domestic life. Success was instantaneous; and the story strip became a familiar item on comic pages the world over.

But back to Anchen's question. Just how do I fill a rather long working day? More specifically, how does one go about using a narrative form with a technique developed only a generation ago?

That technique borrows from all the communication arts, but leans more heavily on play-writing and play-production.

Except for an occasional burst of energy when I work at home evenings and weekends, I have for 50 years shut myself up every weekday in a study in downtown Toledo. It is difficult, as most writers will agree, to work at home, where other interests compete for attention. My shop was inherited from a bankrupt realtor who had lavished paneled oak and a fireplace on what he charged off as his "customers' entertainment room." It lived up to the label with a hidden refrigerator and a built-in bar, both now used for storage. But the atmosphere is that of a quiet study and makes for intense concentration.

Solitary concentration is a necessity for the writing of comic serials and rules out a permanent secretary. I would find it hard to work with a young lady buffing her nails while she waited for the 5 o'clock whistle.

Let's assume that within a few weeks I must be starting a new episode. If it is in *Mary Worth*, the first step is to hold a fairly exhaustive conference with the artist, Ken Ernst, my valued associate for some 40 years. He may fly to Toledo from his home in Myrtle Point, Oregon. Barring that, we resort to long phone conversations, to the delight of Ma Bell, or exchange equally long letters.

Usually, the choice of story is mine, though Ken, or my elder son, John, will either come up with a suggestion for an episode or perhaps with a short synopsis.

Is a detailed outline advisable? I seldom use one. I get bored if I know in advance every incidental turn of plot. I have a feeling that if the story doesn't contain some surprises for me, it will contain none for the reader.

The questions most frequently asked by readers is: "Where do you get your ideas?" They may come from a personal experience, from something which happened to an acquaintance, from a few lines in the day's paper, or simply from a fantasy generated by prolonged pipe-smoking.

You play around with ideas like these: A man and his wife, both lawyers, have separated. Suppose the wife has taken on the defense of a man who was her fiancé before the husband broke up the engagement, and suppose the husband is the prosecutor?... A widow has taken over her late husband's busi-

ness. What if her leading competitor has fallen in love with her? . . . Your acquaintances include an alcoholic wife, a compulsive gambler and a girl approaching spinsterhood whose potential fiancé is attracted to her younger sister. There is a story in every one of these individuals. Indeed, as long as there are people in this world there are plots.

But a plot seed must be nourished and forced to grow. Rare indeed is a story idea that comes to you complete from introduction to conclusion. Life produces few tidily complete plots.

Most plots—almost all—start with your becoming acquainted in reality or in your imagination, with an interesting character. The reader must quickly come to know all about him: . . . and a great deal about his job. References to his trade or profession must be accurate. That calls for hours of research. Your public library can help, but there is no substitute for interviews. . . with an actor, a dress designer, a detective, a laundry operator, a composer of music for television shows. . . any obliging individual who can add authenticity and realism to your copy.

Someone has reduced the formula for a fiction story to "the five C's" . . . Character, Conflict, Complications, Climax and Conclusion. I have written millions of words in short stories, novels, plays and serial strips. And this easy-to-remember sequence of plot elements is now as fixed in my mind as my own name.

For a *Mary Worth* episode, the principal character must be one with whom readers of that strip can readily identify. He, or most often, she, is frequently in one of the more glamorous professions. You have decided what sort of person she is and have familiarized yourself with her profession through research. Now for step two. He, or she, must be confronted by a conflict.

Your character must want something. . . badly. . . success in a job or in a romance usually. Or, conversely, she must want to avoid, or escape, an experience. This is your conflict.

There is an old thumb-nail outline for playwriting: First act, get your leading character up a tree; Second act, throw rocks at him; Third act, get him down. The "C" for complications involves that rock-throwing.

With a series of complications (most often these are frustrations) you build to the climax. This should be the strongest part

of your plot and never be underplayed. If your story is up-beat, the protagonist wins what he wanted. If it is down-beat, he doesn't.

Your conclusion obviously requires that you tie up, as briefly as possible, within the limits imposed by your medium, the loose ends essential to satisfying your reader's curiosity. . . the "happily ever after" or the "sad walk into the sunset" finale.

How long should a complete episode be? "As long as it holds the reader's interest" would be a facile answer. But our fairly rigid policy is to get the story told in 13 weeks. A minimum of around six or eight weeks ahead of publication will be needed by the syndicate for processing and mailing two weeks ahead to client papers. I have found that introducing the characters and making sure the reader knows them, then moving through the other four C's and leading into the next story in a way to catch the reader's interest, somehow will work out usually to 13 weeks total. Maybe I'm influenced by old television contracts, which had divided the year neatly into quarters.

Returning to the comparison of strip writing to play-writing and play-production, there is one special point of similarity.

When a basic *Mary Worth* plot is agreed upon through numerous conferences with Ken Ernst, we choose the cast of actors in a way that has much in common with staging a play. Ken sends me careful sketches showing varied versions of the principals. I select the one which most nearly resembles the individual I had in mind for the role. Either fortuitously, or because he and I have been partners for so long that we think alike—using a bit of ESP—it is almost never necessary to repeat the "auditions."

Preliminaries over, I haul out a stained and battered sheet of wallboard which serves as a drawing board and move into the next phase of production. As far as I know, my working method is unique. All other continuity writers, including my son John, either submit dialogue in typescript or write it in faint blue pencil directly on the drawings, for the lettering artist to follow and ink over.

Having had an undistinguished career earlier in life as a professional cartoonist, I prefer to sketch pencil "roughs" to indicate dialogue and action. These are executed on newsprint in the exact size in which the artist's finished work will be sent to



the syndicate. My artist partner is in no way obligated to follow my sketches, only to leave the dialogue unchanged, unless I have made a blooper, which happens with embarrassing frequency. I suspect somehow that my roughs are most often used by the artist to wipe his brushes on . . . or maybe to put in the bottom of a bird cage.

But I find numerous advantages in working through roughs. For all their crudity, the sketches convey more to the artist than sheets of typescript. Fitting dialogue and direct narration into the exact space the artist will have available mitigates against the cardinal sin of wordiness and against including more characters than could be shown on a 24-sheet billboard. I keep a photostatic copy of each rough, invaluable for future reference. Most importantly of all, perhaps, my doodling suggests to me twists of action I would never have come up with in doing a typed script.

As a simple example of this last-mentioned advantage, here is the way in which a casually drawn object can contribute to plotting.

Suppose I have shown three people seated at a table in a restaurant. (It sometimes occurs to me that all my characters should be overweight, as they are so often shown eating: A Freudian slip, maybe, in view of my own insatiable appetite. But, back to our scene). We have Boy, Girl, and the Young Man's Mother. The girl is a go-go dancer and Mama disapproves of her as a possible daughter-in-law. Girl wants to tell her sweetheart that they must meet later in her apartment. For no particular reason, I have drawn the table fully set. At one corner is a container of bookmatches. Girls takes one and lights a cigarette, then, in a flash of inspiration, she excuses herself and goes to the powder room. There she scribbles a message on the inside cover of the match-book and carries it back to the table. Boy takes out a cigarette and she quickly hands him the folder. The messages meets his eye, and Mama in none the wiser.

Almost any object may trigger your plotting machinery. It may be: 1) a clue; 2) a signal; 3) a warning; 4) a weapon; 5) a

symbol; 6) proof of identity; 7) It may arouse desire; 8) it may be an obstacle, even the cause of a fatal delay; 9) It may be the means of making an acquaintance; 10) It may be the cause of a feud or a misunderstanding; 11) it may be a make-shift tool, perhaps the means of escape.

Here are a plotter's finger exercises: Take any object from your pocket or purse. Add mentally a character and a setting. Start shaking them together with your skull as a dice-box. Throw out the cubes. You may crap out at first, but eventually you'll start throwing sevens. At best, this will take some of the sweat out of plotting if you are a writer. At worst, it's a good party game.

One type of object is especially useful: the "indigenous gimmick," I call it. This simply means that you solve your problem with something which appears naturally in the setting for a particular scene.

In a recent *Steve Roper* story, for example, the setting was a houseboat where Steve and the leading female character were being held prisoner. The houseboat was depicted with an alarm-bell outside and a fire-prevention smoke detector on the ceiling inside, familiar enough items for some homes and houseboats. But they turned out to play a vital role in the story. Steve spotted the detector, secretly loaded and lighted his ever-present pipe and blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling. The gong went off, bringing firemen and police officers to the scene, and our hero and heroine were set free.

It isn't always possible to find an indigenous gimmick, but it always adds reader interest.

The most important ingredient of a story is suspense. In the words of an old Chinese proverb, which I just made up, "Reader is bound to be bored stiff if hero doesn't hang from cliff."

And what is suspense? It is waiting for the guy upstairs to drop the other shoe. It is when an irate father is chasing the car in which the villain is carrying off his daughter to a fate worse than marriage and must stop for a train to pass a crossing—a very long train. Suspense is pleasant torture. It is a dark figure

BIG CHIEF WAHOO



with turned-up coat collar lurking in the background. Suspense is your child on your knee asking breathlessly: "And then what happened?" Or, perhaps, more accurately, suspense is *waiting* for something to happen... waiting for the pin in Racquel Welch's shoulder strap to give way.

Okay. Mary Worth has met an interesting character in a setting as unusual as possible. You have opened with a situation that involves a mystery factor. You have the basic five Cs of your story in mind. There are no new plots, just as there are no new notes on the musical scale. You must handle the old ones in a way to keep your readers interested in what happens next.

You have seven blank sheets of paper, divided into panels, usually three or four for weekdays and ten or 12 for the Sunday page. You hope to fill them in such a way that the reader will be caught up in suspense when he reads each day's installment. Your job is to try to sell tomorrow's newspaper today.

You chew a pencil or a pipe-stem, pace the floor, gaze at the all-too-familiar view from the window, hope the phone or a knock at the door will give you an excuse for procrastination, and eventually you write a line of dialogue, subject always to later erasure and change.

The speeches must be brief, limited to perhaps a total of a hundred words in one weekday strip, and they must be in character for the speaker. A reader, someone other than you, should be able to cover the picture of the speaker and identify him by his speech pattern.

I realize that men wearing white coats carrying straitjackets may come for me when they read this, but suggestions, it often seems, are whispered to a writer by a helpful little gremlin perched on his shoulder. You are constantly surprised by what your character says. And his remark elicits a reply for which you were likewise unprepared; it turns the dialogue, even the plot, in a totally unplanned direction. This may be called inspiration, but I stubbornly think of it as collaboration... with an invisible assistant who gets no share of the royalties.

At last you have written a day's dialogue and indicated in sketches a day's action. Ideally, you have informed the reader

what took place yesterday, shown what takes place today and left him titillated by the assurance that something much more exciting will happen tomorrow... all in a few lines of conversation and some easy-to-understand pictures.

Continuity which runs through Sunday calls for much more planning than that which appears on weekdays. Your story must be understood by the reader who sees the strip only on Sundays, or only on weekdays. And it must not bore the reader who sees all seven installments. Something worth his Sunday reading-time must happen in living color. But the Monday reader must never have to wonder if he missed an essential part of the plot. Constructing a crossword puzzle is child's play by comparison.

A full week completed, you have photostats made and read the roughs over a dozen times looking for, and too often finding, errors or oversights which would have been disastrous had they slipped by the eyes of the artist and the syndicate editor and appeared in print. Then, reluctantly, you drop them in the mailbox. The *Mary Worth* package goes to Ken Ernst in Oregon. He will mail them to a specialist on the East Coast who will letter in the dialogue and return the strips to Ken to do the illustrations. Steve Roper roughs went to the late Elmer Woggon in Florida, who in like manner lettered in the balloons on proper paper and sent them on to the artist, William Overgard, in upstate New York. Now Bill letters his strips himself. Until I gave up writing the strip a few years ago, the week's installment of *Kerry Drake* went to Alfred Andriola in Greenwich Village.

As you walk away from the mailbox, your imagination is already working compulsively on what must happen to the characters next week. You may rush back to your studio to call Myrtle Point again and tell Ken: "Look!... On Saturday, instead of having Mary phone Elsa and advise her not to marry Gino, let's prolong the suspense by having her get a busy signal. Then, on Sunday..."

So goes a typical day in a strip writer's life. Anchen; if you should happen to read this, you know now what I was doing when I should have been working.

MARY WORTH'S FAMILY



Penmen of the Past

It was bound to happen . . . and it will happen again in *NEMO*. We are pausing to consider the work—the brilliant, worthwhile output—of an artist about whom very little is known. Mozart, however, was buried in an unmarked paupers' grave, so we are indeed going to encounter some cartooning greats who went unheralded in their time and have passed into unjust obscurity. Such unfortunate turns will not keep us from resurrecting their work, or continuing our research.

This *Penman* installment will highlight the work of Raymond Crawford Ewer, and I will tell all I know, and that is the bare bones of his professional career. His first work seems to have appeared in the pre-printed sections of the World Color Printing Company of St. Louis, that boiler-plate syndicate that served mainly small towns and therefore has passed into its own unjust obscurity. Many important artists, however, did their on-the-job training for their funny sections, including George Herriman and Johnny Gruelle.

Ewer's first work appeared around 1908—poor imitations of Rube Goldberg's Foolish Questions, and a full-page comic called *Brown, the City Farmer*. He also drew episodes of *Alexander the Cat*, which Herriman had created and others including Rigby and Bart continued. But in 1910 he took over *Slim Jim*, which had become the company's leading comic strip, its regular front-page fixture.

He inherited the strip from its creator, George Frink. It was a remarkable comic strip, and for years—mostly in small towns—it was one of America's favorite strips. (You'll note Mel Lazarus's reference to it in this issue's interview; and next issue of *NEMO* will chronicle the run of *Slim Jim*.)

Where Frink's art had been economical and comical, Ewer brought an illustrator's touch. He was a pre-eminent penman, and he reveled in anatomical exaggeration, detailed backgrounds, and an abundance of cross-hatching. This article will not document his strip work (that, as we say, will come in the *Slim Jim* piece next issue), but we can pause to analyze his style.

Ray Ewer can be truly termed the American Heinrich Kley. We may never know if there was a conscious influence, but Kley was active in the pages of *Jugend* and *Simplicissimus* in Munich when Ewer developed his own similar style. He drew with wispy pen lines, and a lot of them: His finished drawings are very much like sketches. Many of the depictions bridge the middle ground between realism and a fantastic sense of the comic. And, in some of the drawings we'll share here, we can even see a common preoccupation in ambiguously observing modern life—criticizing greed and war, but fascinated by urbanism and industrialization.

Around 1913 Ewer left *Slim Jim* to contribute to *Judge* and in the following year, *Puck*; that period's drawings we highlight here. For the former magazine Ewer had the first interior page as his own, entitled *Judge's Review*. For this he drew theme cartoons, either of commentary or of straight humor. He used the full page to his advantage, sometimes winding drawings in irregular shapes to suit his decorative purpose; and it soon was evident

that his design sense was as mature as his cartooning talent.

For *Puck* he hit a beautiful stride. Here he was given double-spreads, 22 x 15 inches, in full-process color. *Puck* was then printed on coated art stock, and Ewer's drawings were astonishing. The renderings, themes, and compositions are masterpieces of American cartooning.

With his pen, he mastered wonderful, textured shadings; he also experimented with the grease crayon, and even contributed etchings! For his subjects he increasingly went around the streets of New York, sketching high life and low life, seeing character in architecture and faces. And once more he took advantage of his space, using the full page, as well as individual drawings and colors, as design elements.

This work for *Puck* forms a major statement in cartooning and illustration, as well as in American pictorial journalism. Unfortunately his contributions numbered no more than two dozen, and then we see him no more in the outlets of cartooning or comics. I once believed Ewer died in 1913, but he obviously drew new cartoons for *Puck* through 1915. Did he die then? Was he at the beginning or end of a career in art?

In archaic usage, we can state: Raymond Crawford Ewer, *floruit* 1908-1915. But we can't have archaic and eat it too; he flourished in that period, but there must be more than that to a brilliant talent. I hope some day we'll know more—but beyond that, I hope some day we'll see more of the marvelous penwork of Ray Ewer.

—Rick Marshall

Judge's Revue



Spring



The newest dance - the "Suburban Whirl" indulged in by all true suburbanites these fine spring mornings



Pres. Wilson. "Believe me this is some job"



Worship

EDWARD CRANFORD FINE

All cartoons from the collection of Rick Marshall

Judge's Revue of the Mountains

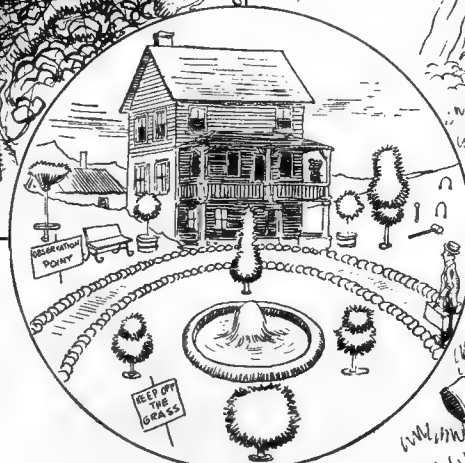


The Echo

RAYMOND
CLIFFORD
JONES



That rustic inn among the pines
according to the circular, and —



— what you
found.



One mountain you are
always sure to find

Mountain Golf
A suggestion for bored
summer people

All Around The Town

New York on a rainy day From the sketch book of our Wandering Artist



His stock is hardware so he keeps open shop



The bums don't mind a rain as long as it's not cold



This happens often and it's just as funny as ever—to the onlooker



A woman's way



Every now and then a good old fashioned 'bumbershoot' comes to town from up state



FORWARD OWNED EVERY BROTHER TOM LIFE NOT

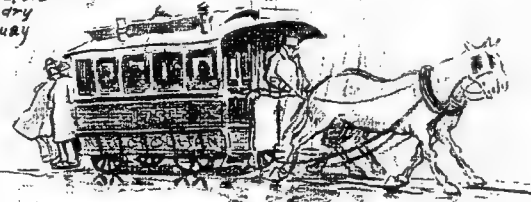


Cozy

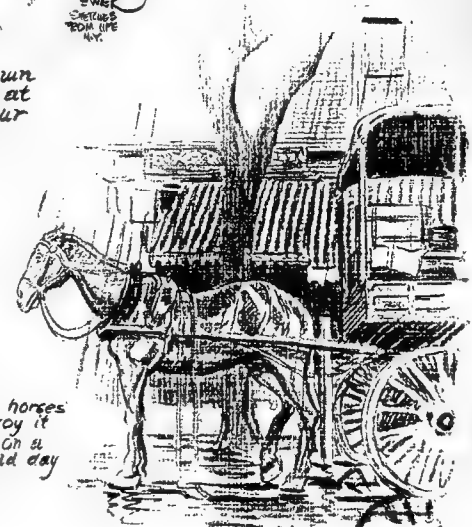


Her papers are dry anyway

The horse cars are really useful on a rainy day



A narrow down town street at the noon hour



The horses enjoy it too, on a mild day





What happened once when
I told a curious East Side mob
to move on

All Around The Town

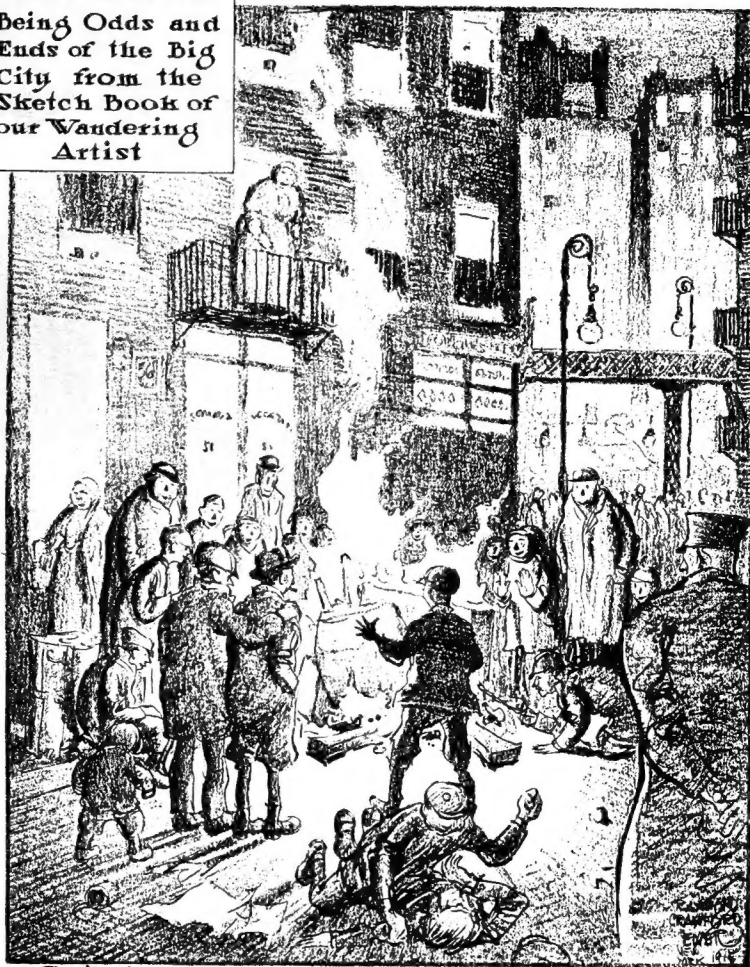
Being Odds and
Ends of the Big
City from the
Sketch Book of
our Wandering
Artist



You can smell the
"sweet lavender" man's
stock a block away



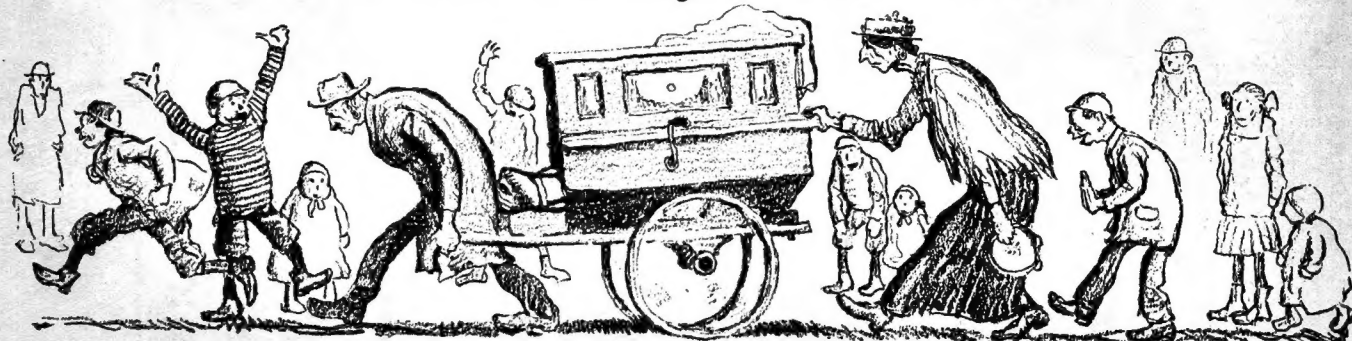
A note



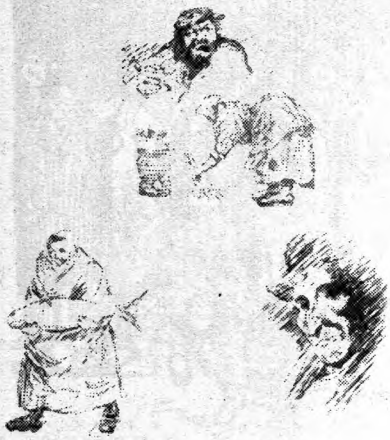
The New York boys favorite night pastime—A bonfire in the street



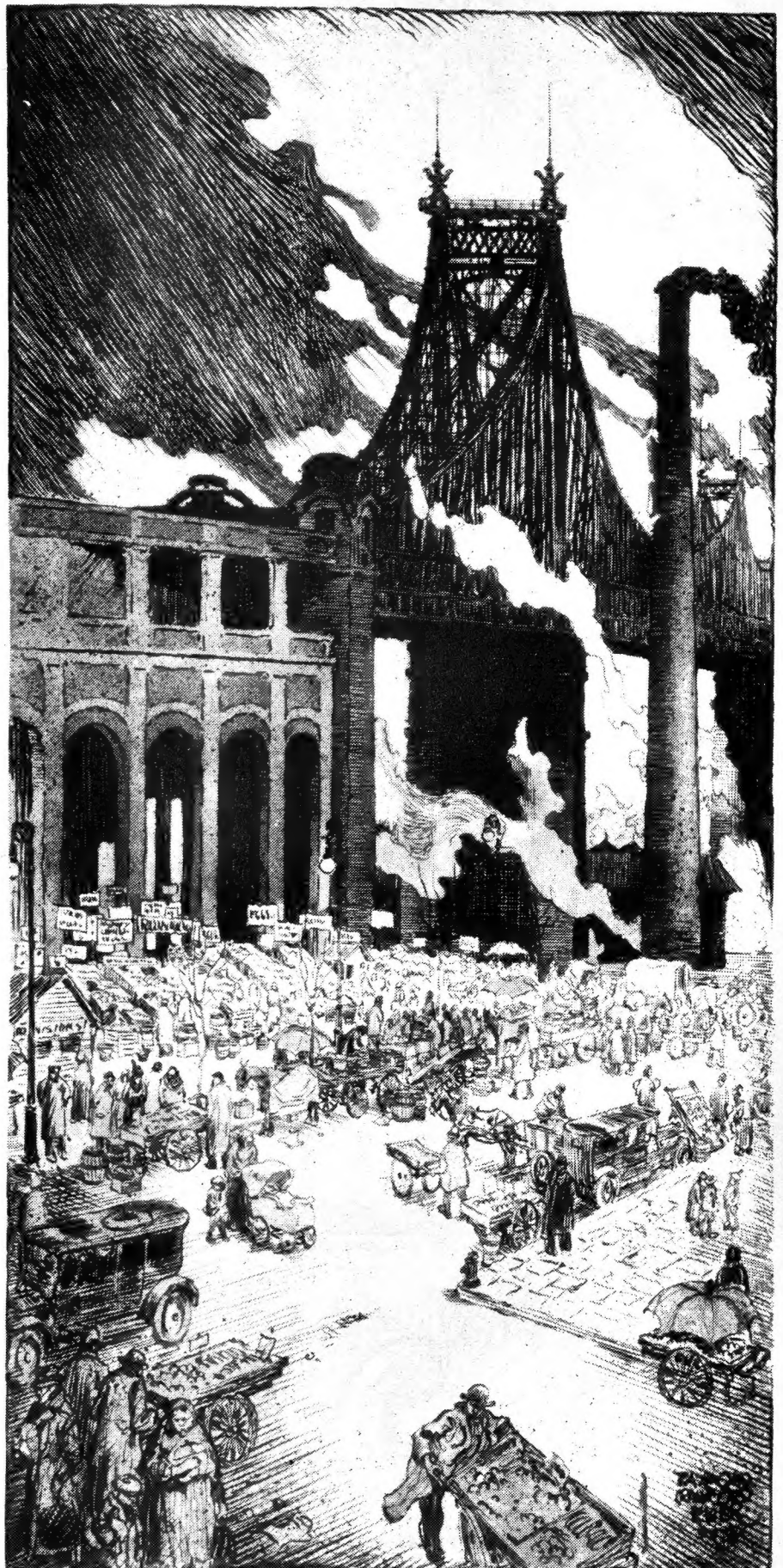
Idle time on the
Harlem cliffs



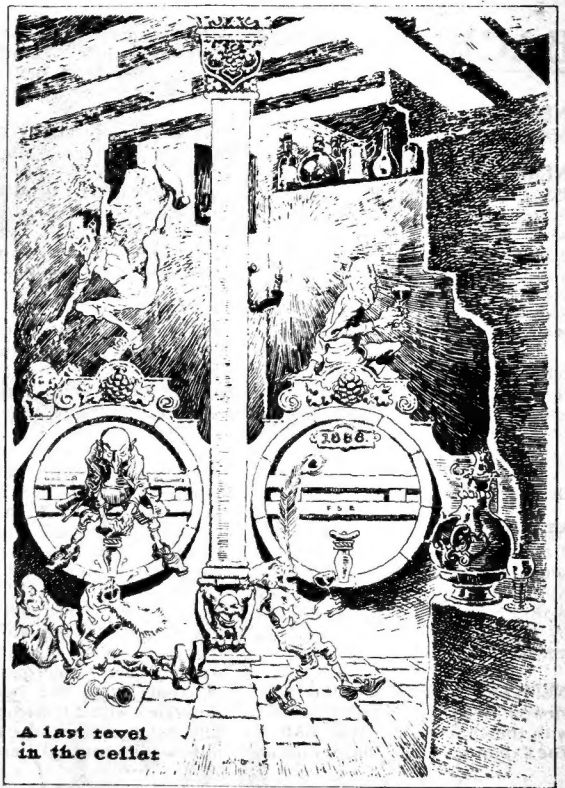
Signs of Spring



When *Puck* became a cosmopolitan magazine under Art Editor Hy Mayer's direction in 1914-15, Ewer experimented with both color and etchings in his cartoon illustration work. These scenes of New York's Lower East Side—in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge—were such drawings.



When
The Druggs
Have It



Smugglers
Then and Now



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